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The Dictators Meet

It will be months, perhaps years, before the world knows what were the real results of Hitler's visit to Rome. The daily press tells us that the Rome-Berlin axis was much strengthened, and that in so far as Chamberlain was trying to detach Mussolini from Hitler he has failed. The promise by Der Führer that he will never come south of the Brenner Pass is said to have unlocked the door to a comprehensive understanding. Hitler gets a free hand, so far as Mussolini is concerned, in Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Mussolini, per contra, has control of the Mediterranean. The lower Danube Valley is divided, quite in the old imperialist style, into spheres of influence. What was said about Spain we do not know. Mussolini has promised England to withdraw his troops, beginning after Franco has won.

It would be dangerous to exaggerate the meaning of the dictators' meeting. Mussolini is no fool; he knows that in a military, economic and financial sense, England and France together are far stronger than Germany. If he is forced to choose one side or the other, it is reasonably certain that he will cast in his lot with the democracies. What he hopes, of course, is to postpone the decision as long as possible and in the meantime to keep each side bidding against the other. Already, he has achieved startling successes by this procedure, particularly for the head of a state that is three-quarters bankrupt and has exhausted itself by going off on two successive foreign military adventures.

Ethiopia and the League

It was a grim spectacle that was on display in Geneva during the week of May 9. Great Britain as part of her bargain with Italy agreed to recognize the conquest of Ethiopia, and succeeded in making France her reluctant accomplice. First, however, it was necessary to go through with the forms of changing the mind of the League, which once declared Italy an aggressor and imposed some feeble sanctions upon her. We wish we could know what future historians will say about the proceedings at Geneva, in which the corpse of the League ideal was exhumed once again and reburied with, so to speak, full military honors. What the historians will say depends on the kind of historian the future gives us, and whether such a word as justice still has any meaning to them.

The War in the Near East

As the week begins, the Japanese announce the start of another drive for the Lung-Hai railway, this time from the south. They are apparently bent on wiping out their defeat at Taierhchwang, and nothing will do but victory on that very spot, to preserve the Imperial army's much-damaged "face." The drive from the north petered out last week; the new reports put Japanese troops at Mengcheng, Sinkiao and Fowning. The first two represent but a slight advance for the left wing of the Japanese force which has been stalled since February to the northward of the Hwai River, though if continued this advance will menace Kweiteh. The advance to Fowning is apparently an achievement

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of the column which has been working its way up the coast of Kiangsu Province for some weeks, and has recently been checked by guerilla attacks on its base at Nantunghsien, on the north bank of the Yangtze estuary. Fowning is but some fifty miles from Haichow, eastern terminus of the Lung-Hai line. In order to effect these various drives, the Japanese are said to have seriously weakened their forces in Shansi and Hopeh; what may result therefrom was indicated by reports that the Eighth Route Army is operating close to Peiping, base point of Japanese communications for their armies in Shansi, Suiyuan and Chahar. The appointment of a new admiral to the command of the Third Fleet has been followed by considerable naval activity in the vicinity of Amoy and also near Macao, at the mouth of Canton Bay. This may be a mere diversion, or may presage a drive against Canton with the object of closing the principal Chinese inlet for supplies. In the latter case the new motor-road to Yunnanfu, railhead for the line to Haiphong in French Indo-China, would take on great importance; work on it is being feverishly rushed. On the whole last week saw little improvement in the gloomy Japanese prospects.

Liberty in Journal Square

Mayor Frank Hague is still dictator of Jersey City. His persistent use of violence and terrorism in fighting unionization, however, is building up a threatening list of complaints against his lawlessness. The meeting in Journal Square at which Representatives John T. Bernard of Minnesota and Jerry O'Connell of Montana were scheduled to speak was postponed. The two Representatives and their advisers wisely decided against testing the fury of the huge crowd of Hague plug-uglies that had been enlisted for battle. A sample of the work these men were prepared to do was offered in the beatings administered Sam Schwartz and Michael Duner, along with several others, because they are "Jews from New York." The postponement of this particular test, we may be sure, does not mean its end. And among the other charges Frank Hague will have to answer are these: the complaint brought by Norman Thomas against two Jersey City police officers on grounds of kidnaping and violation of civil liberties; the complaint brought by the CIO and the American Civil Liberties Union against Hague for violation of civil liberties; the American Civil Liberties Union action on a charge of tampering with the mails and the protest against the ill treatment of Jeff Burkitt, sentenced to six months' imprisonment for his participation in a Journal Square rally.

Two great institutions are directly concerned with the situation in Jersey City. The first is the Democratic Party. Hague is vice-chairman of its National Committee, an intimate friend of Postmaster General Farley, a great power in the party's national councils and a sorely needed help in presidential elections. Every dictate of expediency would tell President Roosevelt to ignore Jersey City, just as every dictate of justice and democracy would tell him to register publicly his disapproval of Hague and Hagueism.

The second institution involved is the Roman Catholic Church, of which Mayor Hague and Postmaster General Farley are loyal members. Jersey City is one of the few American communities that are predominantly Catholic in population. Mayor Hague's "Red scare" is but a reflection of the political activities of the Church as a whole—activities of which the most conspicuous are efforts to defeat many types of progressive measures by labeling them as radical, attempts to injure the Spanish government, fighting for its life, to smother the child-labor amendment in the United States, to censor American motion pictures, books, plays, the radio. The Jersey City rowdies who, last Saturday night, beat up half a dozen people on the sole ground that they looked as though they were Jews, were imitating a fascist principle followed by Franco in Spain and Mussolini in Rome, with the Church's approval, as well as by Hitler in Berlin, with whom the Church quarrels on other grounds. This tendency in American Catholicism seems to us dangerous in the extreme, both to the best interests of the Church itself and to American democracy.

Loyalties and Richard Whitney

The SEC, investigating *l'affaire* Richard Whitney, has unearthed some curious facts. Quite a large number of people in Wall Street knew, months before the crash, that Whitney was in trouble. His brother George Whitney knew, because Richard came to him for help. Thomas W. Lamont knew, because George Whitney borrowed a million dollars from him to help the erring brother. J. P. Morgan knew. Charles R. Gay, president of the Exchange, knew. Bernard Smith, well known Wall Street speculator, knew. None of these men did anything to protect those who had entrusted their money to the Whitney firm—except to give Richard more money—although Stock Exchange rules would have required action from some of them. There was a division of loyalties between the public interest and that of the insiders' group, and the insiders won. We mean no disrespect when we say that this is precisely the kind of loyalty that makes members of a gang refuse to betray one another to the officers of the law.

The Liberty of the Propagandist

The struggle between liberals and conservatives in the United States is steadily growing more intense. In the past week we have learned that many of the protests against the Reorganization Bill were sent in the names of persons who had not authorized the use of

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their signatures and knew nothing about it. Others came from fictitious addresses and apparently fictitious names, since the post office was unable to locate these individuals. Some members of Congress reported that as many as one-half of the protests received by them were of this character. There seems little doubt, since Congress has now heard what the country really thinks, that if the Reorganization Bill came up again tomorrow it would pass by a good margin.

Meanwhile, the conservatives have uttered their usual roars of protest about infringement of the freedom of the press, because of an inquiry by the Senate Lobby Committee into the magazine, Rural Progress, of which Dr. Glenn Frank is now editor. The charge is made that Rural Progress is filled with misinformation about present government policies. It is further charged that it has few if any subscribers but is distributed without charge to owners of rural free delivery boxes, and that its extremely heavy annual losses have been made up by contributions from wealthy business men, to the sizable total of a million dollars or more. Such allegations are surely a legitimate subject for study by a Senate committee whose job it is to investigate pressure groups and learn whether they are acting improperly. If the enterprise is an innocent one, the publisher should have no difficulty in proving that fact. We will give the embattled Tories a tip: as long as The Chicago Tribune, The New York Herald Tribune and other papers in their category continue to pour out daily vituperation of the President, unhampered, there is still freedom of the press in America.

Shall We Murder the Mothers?

Ours is a great and curious country. We grow tremendously excited when people try to exhibit a motion-picture film showing, in a strictly scientific way, the birth of a baby—something that takes place 2,000,000 times a year in the United States. When a magazine reprints a few stills from that motion picture, we rush around and forbid its sale in many communities. Yet we sit still complacently and permit the needless loss of the lives of many thousands of mothers and babies in this country through the lack of proper care. The statistics are not very accurate, but Washington authorities estimate that perhaps as many as 15,000 mothers and 150,000 babies die each year, fully 90 percent of whom could probably be saved through adequate care. Half of the babies are born without the mothers' receiving the aid of a nurse, two-thirds without hospitalization, 240,000 with the help of a mid-wife only, and 40,000 without any professional assistance at all. Every year there are 78,000 still-born babies, mostly because of syphilis. There are 60,000 born with congenital syphilis—both categories easily preventable.

Astonishing improvement has been shown in some communities, when intelligent care has been given this problem. In parts of Louisiana, the maternal death rate has been cut in two, as it has in Wisconsin. In certain areas of Georgia, it has gone down 75 percent. The improvement registered in part of Chicago, if reflected in the whole country, would mean saving 10,000 lives per year. What is needed is first, to break down the taboos which prevent free public discussion of the subject and second, to spend more money—and particularly federal money—for the poorest areas. Maternal mortality is highest among the poor.

Progress is being made on both these lines. As Dr. Howard W. Haggard of Yale said the other day at a meeting of the Maternity Center Association in New York City, two hundred years ago no doctor would think of degrading himself by attending a woman in labor. Only eight years ago the press was most reluctant to mention this matter, and Dr. Haggard was forbidden to use the word "pelvis" in a radio address. We move toward enlightenment, however slow and painful our progress may be.

Larsen, Not Luce

In The New Republic of May 11, discussing the action taken against Life for its series of photographs of "The Birth of a Baby," we referred to Henry R. Luce as the publisher. Mr. Luce is the editor of Life and Mr. Roy E. Larsen is the publisher, whose arrest took place under an arrangement between his attorneys and Mr. Samuel J. Foley, District Attorney of the Bronx, New York City. When the case was brought into court Mr. Larsen was exonerated and the proceedings were dropped.

News Notes of a Week

The British conservatives were again badly defeated in a by-election which turned largely on the question of foreign policy, and it looks more than ever as though the Chamberlain Cabinet might be defeated if a general election were held at once on this issue. . . . The French again devalued their currency, hoping to keep its external value stationary with the aid of Great Britain and the United States. . . . The fighting in Spain continued without marked advantage for either side; the Rebels were plainly disconcerted by the continued stubborn resistance the Loyalists have been able to display. . . . Carl von Ossietsky, noted German pacifist and liberal and winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, died, his health having been broken by years of mistreatment in Nazi prisons, where he was confined.

At home, the sweeping victory of Senator Claude Pepper in the Democratic primary in Florida, on a strong New Deal platform, frightened the Southern Democrats who had been assuming it was now safe to attack Roosevelt. An immediate result was that a majority of the members of the House signed a petition calling up the wages-and-hours bill. A bitter struggle

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was promised, however, over the question of a differential between North and South. . . . There were conflicting rumors that the administration was and was not about to end the embargo on the sale of munitions to the Spanish government. . . . The super-navy bill reached the last stages on its way toward becoming law. . . . Secretary Hull, apparently much stirred by criticisms of his policy of selling munitions to Germany, issued several long statements seeking to justify his course.

What Is the Enemy?

In his "Call to Arms" printed on page 39 of this issue of The New Republic, Lewis Mumford expresses eloquently a hatred of fascism which the editors and, we believe, most of the readers of this magazine share. He emphasizes its danger to American civilization, and calls for heroic measures to defeat it, speaking of these measures in unveiled warlike terms. His tone is that of the sublimated recruiting officer. Most of us have been angry enough at Hitler or Mussolini, or afraid enough of them, to be willing to shoulder a rifle and march against them if the opportunity were offered. But is the problem quite as simple as that? The really puzzling question is what can be done that will be effective. In answering this question Mr. Mumford, we think, is much weaker than in his exhortation, and certainly offers no better line of action than the advocates of the courses popularly but mistakenly called "collective security" or "isolation."

What Mr. Mumford wants is complete commercial and political non-intercourse with the fascist states, imposed by the United States alone. A complete embargo of Germany, Italy and Japan could only with difficulty be enforced even in wartime and with the aid of a powerful series of allies including Britain, France and the Soviet Union. To think of attempting it on Mr. Mumford's terms is so impractical as to be absurd, when one considers such difficulties as preventing transshipments through these nations, as well as through smaller neutrals such as Holland, Denmark and Switzerland. The truth is that the fascist states, through their economic policies, have done much to place embargoes on themselves. This, when aided by voluntary boycotts, is about as far as it is possible to go without a world in arms organized against them.

But it is evident that Mr. Mumford places much less emphasis on his practical proposal than on the warlike spirit which he invokes. And it is just here that we believe he makes his fundamental error. What constitutes the real danger from fascism? Is it a danger of being conquered by force of arms? No considerable opponent of fascism has yet been subdued by this means. Certainly the United States is in no conceivable danger from military conquest. To a less extent the same is true of France, Britain and Russia. Threats of war have been effectively used by the fascists, certainly. But the essence of the danger is not in the armies of conquerors, but in fascist betrayals within the victims themselves. Austria had embraced fascism of the Catholic variety before Hitler swallowed her, and at least one-third of her population was avowedly pro-Nazi. The economic and social weakness of Europe, the failure of democracy to solve its own problems, the bitter resistance to a socialist tendency on the part of domestic reactionaries, the prejudices of race and religion—these are the traitors that open the gates to fascist dictators. You cannot defeat an enemy like this by pretending that it is embodied solely in some nations and not at all in others, and by seeking a decision with armies in the field.

It is not cowardly or passive to recognize the truth that we cannot be conquered by Italian, German or Japanese armies and navies. It is, on the other hand, a betrayal of intellectual responsibility to suppose that we can protect ourselves or the rest of the world from fascist barbarism by sending armies and navies to conquer other nations. Mr. Mumford himself beautifully summarizes his misconception when he says that "when an unbalanced person threatens physical violence, it is more pressing to put him in a straitjacket than to understand his symptoms." But that is just the opposite of the practice of good mental hospitals, which do not use straitjackets any more. Naturally, defense against physical attack is a primary necessity. But far more important is understanding of symptoms and ability to remove them. One reason this is more important in the present case is that no nation—not even our own—is immune from the symptoms of fascist madness. We should pay attention far more to our own incipient symptoms than to the negligible danger from external violence. For the forces of evil are not localized in Berlin or Rome. They are here as well—they lie potentially even within the most bitter anti-fascist individuals.

Mr. Mumford accuses The New Republic of maintaining a state of wishful apathy, or underestimating the danger of fascism. In the light of the foregoing, we repeat in full the words which he condemns by quoting only in part: "We need not be afraid that those nations which are sapping their strength by excessive armament and an adventurous foreign policy, while ignoring the primary needs of their own populations, can long seriously menace the world. Their menace can affect us only if we are foolish and criminal enough to follow their example." This is not underestimating their real menace—though it is an accurate appraisal of their limited power to impose military conquest. *Does* Mr. Mumford want us to follow their example? The best way to do so is to promote exaggerated fears of foreign

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enemies while forgetting domestic disorders, to encourage the military spirit, to concentrate our attention on armament and to fight abroad. The United States will not go fascist if it strengthens its own democracy and remains at peace. It is likely to go fascist if it ignores the forces of dark reaction within itself—these are not principally German or Italian in origin—and puts on the panoply of war.

Has Pump-Priming Failed?

A GREAT MANY PEOPLE are opposed to the present modest effort of the government to "prime the pump" of recovery by enlarged expenditures, on the ground that we tried it once before and the present depression shows that the experiment failed. Somewhat similar opinions are expressed in the annual report of the Bank for International Settlements. It is important to know, however, just what we mean by pump-priming, just what the results of the experiment were and just what conclusions are to be drawn.

If what is meant is that enlarged governmental expenditures, especially if they are based on borrowing, have a tendency to increase employment and business activity, then there is no question of the success of the experiment. Hardly anything is better established than that such expenditures did have a stimulating effect in the United States and elsewhere, and that they always do. If there were no other evidence to support this judgment, the experience of the nations during war and large preparations for war would be conclusive. In Japan, Germany and England at the present moment, however much financial resources are being strained and however critical are the shortages of supplies, there is no doubt whatever that employment is high and profits are being made as a result of large-scale government spending. And it is absurd to maintain that the same economic results will not follow if the government buys useful things instead of instruments of destruction.

But that is not the technical meaning of the pump-priming theory. The analogy of course suggests that if you put a little water in the pump, it will keep on working of its own accord. The theory is that every dollar spent by the government will induce the spending of additional dollars by private industry, and that when business has thus reached an active stage, it will go on expanding when government assistance is withdrawn. The experiment in the United States did fail in this respect. For one of the chief factors in causing the depression which began in 1937 was undoubtedly the sudden cessation of deficit-spending by the government. Private investment and borrowing had not revived, and did not rush in to fill the breach. This experience does not prove that it would never do so. But at least the trial is not encouraging.

What conclusion is to be drawn? Should we be better off if the government had not increased its spending during depression and would it be wiser not to do so now? That is indeed a perilous inference from the known facts. For it assumes that the cause of the failure of private investment to revive was solely or principally the government spending. If government had not expanded relief and public works, and private business had not revived of its own accord, we should have had a crisis indeed. It is taking too big a risk to ask us to let the unemployed starve if need be, in order to avoid the slightest cause of fear to business. Government spending during a depression is socially necessary for its own sake, even if it does not prime the pump in the technical sense.

The real subject for inquiry is what prevents business from reviving, and new capital from being invested, whether government spends or not. There are numerous theories to account for this phenomenon, aside from irrational fears of inflation, future taxes or governmental competition. It may be a distortion in prices—such as the maintenance of such high prices of steel and building materials that there is little inducement to invest. It may be the lack of developmental possibilities for new or growing industries. It may be the ability of overcapitalized corporations to resist liquidation, so that they cannot attract new money. In so far as governmental spending prevents the correction of such maladjustments, it may have a dampening effect. But the remedy is not to do nothing and wait for "natural forces" to bring a remedy. Modern society is not so organized that it can stand such a strain. A large amount of governmental spending in a depression is inevitable, and it is also desirable for its own sake. The error is rather to think that pump-priming is a panacea. Much more than this needs to be done if our economy is to operate with anything like social efficiency.

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We Man the Pump

A PUBLIC-WORKS PROGRAM, according to theory, should achieve two ends. It ought to inject new purchasing power into an exhausted capitalist economy. It ought also to result in a permanent addition to the nation's physical wealth. In the $5,000,000,000 program of pump-priming suggested by Mr. Roosevelt, only the reconstituted PWA will be able to throw a substantial amount of fresh money into the business stream. Under the schedule of appropriations that Mr. Roosevelt has drawn up, the CCC and the Bureau of Public Roads will continue at about their present pace. The sum of $1,250,000,000 proposed for the WPA will permit it to increase its rolls by about 12 percent, or from 2,500,000 to 2,800,000 unemployed persons. The United States Housing Authority receives an extra $300,000,000, but with no certainty that it can spend it during the present year.

The PWA authorities believe fervently in the pump-priming theory. They regard the PWA as one of the chief instruments of control in a capitalist democracy. However, many experts regret that the President has waited as long as he has to send the PWA into action. They would have liked to have had him give them the signal last November—as soon as the full severity of the depression was evident. Their task then, they say, would have been much easier.

The first PWA program, begun in 1933, was ended by Mr. Roosevelt's order a year ago. Applications for projects then pending were put in a section of the PWA's files nicknamed "the refrigerator." As far as the PWA itself is concerned, work on them could be started within a few hours after the pump-priming appropriations are voted by Congress. Allowing for inescapable delays—such as the thirty-day waiting period legally required for most public contracts—officials estimate that PWA money can begin flowing into the business system sometime in July.

There are 2,785 projects on the PWA list, with a total estimated cost of $1,016,686,130. Under the previous PWA program—the program of 1933—the federal government made a grant of 45 percent on each project. If this arrangement is followed in the forthcoming program, the federal government's grants will amount to $442,548,000. An alternative scheme has been put forward by which the federal government makes a loan of 100 percent of the cost of a project, instead of a 45-percent grant, but charges no interest on the loan. This second arrangement has certain budgetary advantages, but would cost the government approximately the same amount.

When the 1933 PWA program was started, no one could say with certainty just what its effect would be. Since then, however, the 1933 program has been studied by the Bureau of Labor Statistics in great detail. These researches constitute a monumental statistical achievement. The BLS surveyed each project at the site, and then traced back the materials used—the steel, cement, machinery—to the factories where they were made, and from the factories to the mines, forests and fields from which the raw materials originally came. As a result, PWA officials are able to predict with a high degree of accuracy the benefits that will come to the capital-goods industries from the new program.

In tabular form, here is their prediction:

Iron and steel	$228,450,000
Foundry and machine-shop products, including machinery	109,350,000
Lumber and millwork	59,100,000
Cement	38,850,000
Concrete products	38,100,000
Brick and tile, etc.	33,150,000
Heating materials	24,300,000
Plumbing materials	21,900,000
Other materials	256,800,000

The fabrication of materials will, of course, precede actual construction at project sites. In most cases, orders for materials can be given as soon as the PWA allotments are definitely made. The amount listed above, consequently, represents the red corpuscles that will be transfused into an anemic business organism within the next few weeks. It may be noted that, under a 45-percent-grant arrangement, this gentle shower of Treasury checks for private industry, totaling $810,000,000, is nearly twice the sum that the federal government will spend.

So much for the pump-priming half of Mr. Roosevelt's program. What is it likely to give us in additions to our permanent physical wealth? The PWA and the WPA do not publish estimates of the pure economic value of their projects—assuming such a thing as pure economic value exists. Neither is there a scale for judging the need that projects are to fulfill. Of the federal pump-priming agencies, only the United States Housing Authority has the right to call itself a planning body. It can allocate its funds according to demonstrated housing deficiencies. The PWA and the WPA have no such power. They can merely accept projects offered them by states, counties and municipalities. If a town asks for a new civic center when, for example, it really needs a new waterworks, the PWA is helpless. In spite of the notable labors of the National Resources Committee, a fully developed,

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nationwide program of public works, arranged in order of their urgency, does not exist.

On its face, however, the PWA's newly published list of 2,785 projects promises a remarkably utilitarian investment of federal funds. It contains hardly anything at which the most skinflint taxpayers' league could take exception. Pittsburgh wants $253,885 for a zoo, Brooklyn $1,473,000 for a museum and Mr. Maury Maverick's San Antonio $100,000 for a civic memorial. But with very few exceptions, the projects are designed to fulfill basic needs of public health, education and local governmental administration. The list is as unlike as possible the recent grandiose public-works programs of European dictators. It breathes Puritan thrift and a Puritan delight in making pennies go as far as they will.

There are more than sixty types of projects. The largest group is concerned with education. Local authorities ask for schools of all kinds, from those for the primary grades to universities. Next come projects for public health: hospitals, clinics, nurses' homes, sanitoria, filtration plants, sewage-disposal plants, sewers. Third are public buildings: city halls, municipal office buildings, courthouses, libraries. Special favorites are jails, police stations and firehouses. A fourth group are aids to transportation: subways, grade crossings, bridges, canal improvements, docks, sea walls, breakwaters. Then follow projects to facilitate the business of earning a living, such as electric-power and irrigation systems.

Some of the biggest individual projects are: in New York City, a college, $4,937,272; a library, $5,000,000; a courthouse, $18,500,000; the mid-town underpass, $29,235,000; a municipal building, $12,000,000; a hospital, $2,928,000; in Chicago, three subway projects for $1,210,600, $1,018,181 and $50,000,000; improvements for the Chicago Sanitary District, $20,936,363; in Philadelphia, three subway projects, for $3,073,225, $3,254,000 and $16,850,900; a courthouse, $3,390,000; in San Francisco, a rapid-transit project, $15,056,000; an electric-power-distribution system, $53,127,690. While most of the million-dollar projects are in the great cities, a few are listed for smaller places. Flint, Michigan, Camden, New Jersey, and San Antonio, Texas, ask for $18,652,036, $6,000,000 and $6,137,000, respectively, for electric-power plants. Port Arthur, Texas, wants a $12,360,000 dam. Tacoma would like a $4,718,181 toll bridge.

The bulk of the applications, however, are for relatively small amounts. Muncie, Indiana, the Middletown of the Lynds, wants a new high school for $235,000. Mr. William Allen White's Emporia, Kansas, aspires to a municipal building, costing $236,636. Our native Führer, Mayor Hague of Jersey City, wishes to build an addition to his boasted hospital system for $1,374,545, and asks for a nurses' home at $2,078,181. Mr. Tom Pendergast's Kansas City wants a vocational school for $454,935, and unspecified "municipal improvements" for $985,828.

PWA officials predict that allotments under the new program will follow in general the pattern of the 1933 program. If this proves correct, federal funds will be distributed as follows:

Type of Project	*Number: Percentage*	*Estimated Cost: Percentage*
Educational buildings	42	24
Hospitals	4	7
Public buildings	8	6
Sewer systems	11	13
Water systems	17	7
Electric power, excluding water power	1	3
Streets and highways	9	8
Engineering structures	3	12
Flood control, water power and reclamation	1	7
All others	4	13
Total	100	100

What should we expect in physical wealth from the $1,250,000,000 assigned to Mr. Harry L. Hopkins' WPA? Unlike the PWA, the WPA has no list of pending applications for projects, but the WPA officials say that its future program will be of approximately the same character as that of recent months. As most readers know, the WPA has concentrated on street paving, sewer-laying, the building of secondary roads and similar projects found to absorb the greatest number of unskilled workers, while requiring the smallest expenditure for supervision and materials. According to a summary of all WPA projects, completed and uncompleted, on September 30, 1937, WPA money had been spent as follows:

Type of Project	*Total Cost: Percentage*
Highways, roads and streets	36.6
Public buildings	10.9
Parks and other recreational facilities	10.8
Conservation	4.7
Sewer systems and other facilities	9.5
Airports and other transportation	2.8
White-collar	10.5
Goods	8.7
Sanitation and health	2.6
Miscellaneous	2.9

About three-quarters of the projects under "Public Buildings" are for repairs and additions. The total estimated cost of all WPA projects, as of September 30, 1937, was $4,690,134,316.

To some degree, the pump-priming program has revived the old bitterness between the PWA and the WPA, although the heads of the two agencies, Messrs. Ickes and Hopkins, remain on the friendliest terms. During the earlier controversy, the PWA partisans argued that the PWA's heavy-construction projects

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required a great amount of indirect labor on materials, and that the total employment provided was probably as great as that under the WPA. The PWA partisans had then no accepted figures—other than the speculative estimates of Mr. J. M. Keynes—with which to back up their case. Now they have the BLS survey, which, if it does not altogether prove them right, at least makes clear the difference in effect of PWA and WPA spending.

Under the 1933 PWA program, the BLS survey discovered that for every man-hour of employment furnished on a project site, two and a half hours were created in factories, mines, forests, on railroads and elsewhere in the business system. It found that, under the old PWA arrangement of a 45-percent grant, the expenditure of $61.24 of federal money resulted in a month's employment for one man. If we accept the official WPA thesis that federal funds, as nearly as possible, should go only for direct wages to unemployed persons, and if we imagine a WPA project on which no expenditures whatever are needed for materials, we find the WPA's average outlay for one person, by its own figures, is $57.68. That is the difference in federal spending: PWA, $61.24; WPA, $57.68.

The difference in economic effect between the two types of projects—although the BLS survey does not directly make the comparison—is that much of the PWA money goes immediately to business men in the capital-goods industries. Before the workers even see this money, their employers have been permitted to skim off profits—very handsome profits in some instances. At least in theory, these profits encourage the capital-goods industries to perk up and resume their economic functions. WPA money, on the other hand, goes first to the unemployed, and from them to grocers, landlords, retail clothiers and other purveyors of consumers' goods, who presumably are doing tolerably well even in a depression's depths. Again in theory, it might take years for WPA money to reach the capital-goods industries.

It is the writer's impression, however, that the WPA officials do not really believe in their own thesis. At any rate, they obviously take greater satisfaction in the comparatively few WPA projects that approach the PWA's heavy construction than in projects for street-paving and park-grading, even though the latter furnish more direct employment. According to a recently compiled physical inventory, the WPA has built, among other structures: 1,574 schools, 60 libraries, 160 auditoriums, 323 gymnasiums, 99 hospitals, 68 jails, 537 courthouses and municipal buildings, 112 firehouses, 115 armories, 1,355 steel bridges and 16 electric-power plants.

From the WPA's $1,250,000,000 appropriation, therefore, we can probably expect increasingly a more permanent type of project. The most reliable gauge of the tendency toward heavier capital investment by the WPA is the rise in sponsors' contributions—that is, in the money from local authorities, which is used almost wholly for materials. During the six months from June 30 to December 31, 1936, sponsors' contributions were 12.4 percent. A year later, for the four-month period, July to October, 1937, they had increased to 21.2 percent. WPA officials estimate contributions are now running at about 26 percent, which means that twice as much can be spent for materials as two years ago. Up to last October, the total amount of sponsors' contributions had been $491,000,000. There is a general belief that the WPA is now receiving a greater number of skilled workers than it ever has had before. This is partly due to unemployment in the skilled trades, and partly—according to unconfirmed report—to the fact that local authorities, particularly in the Middle Western cities, are certifying the workers needed for desirable projects, whether or not those workers happen to be the most destitute persons in the community.

There is one further word that should be said about the WPA. In big cities, WPA projects are of less permanent value than those of the PWA. But in rural areas, the WPA's light-construction projects have represented about the degree of capital investment that genuinely scientific planning would have demanded. In hundreds of small communities, a single, relatively inexpensive WPA project has brought about a greater change than the PWA's Tri-Borough Bridge and Lincoln Tunnel, for example, have made in New York City. Recently the WPA, in coöperation with private groups, has undertaken an appraisal of the social worth of the WPA program. Among the first reports have been those from Alabama, where the survey was supervised by the League of Municipalities.

Listen to the story of Red Level, Alabama, population, according to the 1930 census, 496, now estimated by the townsfolk at 545. Until the CWA came, it had dirt streets, and no proper sewer system. Everyone expected to have typhoid fever at least once; malaria was endemic. The CWA witnessed the draining of swamps near the town, and the start of a rat-catching campaign. The WPA provided sanitary facilities for the school and municipal building, and undertook the construction of sanitary privies for workless families. Red Level now reports that it has had no case of typhoid or malaria in two years, and submits proof: "Red Level is the best sanitated town in the county and the second best in the state, Red Level being 92.3 percent. (Signed) J. M. Holley, Sanitation Officer."

Up to last October, it may be added, the WPA had built no less than 780,000 sanitary privies in the South. Fear of ridicule from the vulgar-minded has made the WPA authorities in Washington surround this achievement with darkest secrecy. But for many Southern

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towns, the WPA's dollars spent for this purpose have had a greater comparative value than the PWA's millions that have gone into Chicago's vast sanitary-district project.

Columbia, Alabama, has a population of 926. As in Red Level, the WPA program first brought the draining of swamps and the elimination of malaria. The sum of $96,625 from the WPA sufficed to surface Columbia's streets with gravel, to end the choking dust clouds of summer and the spring's mud. Simultaneously, eighteen toilets were built. This brought the first program to a close. But Columbia found itself alight with civic aspiration. An abandoned steam-power plant had been an "eye-sore for the past twenty years." It was resolved to transform it into a community hall. Two women's clubs, the Lions and private individuals helped raise the sponsor's contribution of $1,650. The WPA chipped in $1,834. Columbia's report states: "The building is open to all the citizenship and has met a long felt need in the community life of the whole section."

JONATHAN MITCHELL

The Caliph of Rome

Among the more interesting phenomena resulting from the Spanish war is the growth of fascist spirit in many of the democratic countries. Instances are particularly numerous in the South American nations, where public opinion has been sharply divided on the Spanish question. But it was in the French empire that the most serious and dangerous attempt at emulation of Franco occurred—an attempt which, if successful, would have decided the fate of democracy in Europe, and probably in the whole world. This attempt, in imitation of Franco's coup, resulted from the same general political trend, brought to a head in this case by a delicate colonial situation, and the racial ill feeling of North Africa, rationalized by the newest Central European theories.

A military coup, such as the one which started the Spanish civil war, a pronunciamento in Morocco, was a novelty even for Spain, where every possible kind and nuance of civil war was known during the last century. The colonial army which is now invading the peninsula was drilled and prepared for its work with the most painstaking care. The real meaning of the preparation, however, which showed its effect all over North Africa, escaped even those most interested.

The plans for a swift invasion of the peninsula were laid down during the Gil Robles administration; the Moors and the Foreign Legion (the notorious Tercio) were the troops chosen for this purpose. But if the Tercio is willing to fight for its payroll, the Moors are not, and had to be handled with the utmost care. The first act of this program was to give to the young Kahlifa of Tetuan a position of preëminence which he was not expecting and which he joyously accepted. This young religious chief suddenly found himself the real chief of the Moroccans, since the Emperor (or His Sherifian Majesty) is practically a prisoner of the French government. And the Moors of the Spanish Protectorate found themselves the real and free élite among the conquered Moroccans. Furthermore, the Gil Robles administration exhibited a democratic spirit that had been unknown during the preceding administrations of the monarchical period. This anti-imperialistic, anti-colonial attitude was directed straight toward the Arabs, to whom a new era was promised—an era of parity, equality, justice and self-government. The factor which more than any other gave the Moors the sensation that a new era had begun, and which in addition was inexpensive, was the new tacit but violent anti-Semitic campaign.

Scattered throughout North Africa live several million Jews, grouped into various separate communities. Until the French occupation, Jews lived a settled life with very definite patterns, in a position of recognized inferiority to the dominating Moors. But with the change of regime, they changed culture throughout all North Africa and became the *trait d'union* between local and European affairs. Moreover, they were the only natives accepted in European society and business. The young, following a tendency common among young Jews, went into the professions or the civil service, and as soon as possible left their dwellings in the ghetto and (particularly in Tetuan) lived side by side with the Spaniards.

But things have changed since the fall of 1934. The administration gradually began to submit Jews to ever increasing vexations. In the holy city of Xauen, the Sefardis (the word "Jews" was forbidden by the democratic spirit of the republic as unfair and discriminatory) were increasingly limited in their activities. Matters were even worse in Tetuan.

Moroccans of course fully appreciated and enjoyed this situation. Not only was the government promising independence, not only was it inviting them to enter Spain as conquerors, but it was also giving them the freedom to reëstablish in their own land the racial hierarchy in which they believed. The news of this state of affairs had an immediate and tremendous result in the adjacent lands. Throughout French North Africa turmoil broke out. In Algeria, where Jews have been considered full-fledged citizens since 1848 (Loi Cremieux), in December, 1934, two months after the beginning of the new policy in French Morocco, anti-

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Semitic riots took place, followed soon by massacres and battles.

In French Morocco the Jewish problem is even more delicate than in Algeria. French education (when possible, education in France), the use of the French language exclusively, the birth of urban centers on the European model with the resulting abandonment of the Jewish quarter, and finally, intermixture with European metropolitan characters are all elements which have had an enormous importance in the change of the social status of the Jews. Further, the wave of prosperity in Morocco from 1924 to 1931 has made the young Jews a financially solid group, while it has enriched the Moors only indirectly. The role of the Jews in the commercial activities of Morocco has been one of quasi-monopoly: practically all the economic relations between Arabs and French are controlled by Jews. To make the Moroccan Jews even more secure in their new position, French Jews arrived with the administration. Among them was Colonel Ottlieb, who soon became widely known for his honesty and kindness and now is almost a mythical hero to his co-religionists, freed from a three-thousand-year-old yoke.

The rift between Arabs and Jews was naturally widened by their differing attitudes toward the administration. And the nationalists found in the progress of the Jews the most ferocious injustices of French rule. The Arab newspapers managed to present events in such a way as to unite all the Arabs against the Jews. And Jews more than Frenchmen became the object of Arabic hatred.

The bloody days of February, 1934, in Paris wrought a definite change in the attitude of the personnel of the French administration. All the latent pro-fascist tendencies came out into the open, and one of the results was the encouragement of the anti-Semitism of the Arabs. When the news of the pro-Arab policies of the Spanish government reached the French Protectorate, the situation suddenly became serious. The Koranic students from Spanish Morocco who crowd the Medersah, or religious colleges, were unconscious but extremely efficient propagandists of the new Moorish paradise.

The spirit of rebellion which had grown apace during the first six months of 1935 was somewhat subdued by a pro-Arab policy. French nationalists who had always deplored the softness of the colonial administration, and who had urged the German style of the iron hand in dealing with colonial subjects, suddenly began a policy of leniency which truly endangered the so much discussed French prestige. In the summer of 1935 an army officer was stabbed in Fez for peeping into a mosque, and the Residence permitted the crime to go unpunished. Even the riots which marked the last visit of the puppet emperor in Fez were not suppressed.

The first days of the revolt in Morocco (July, 1936) marked the climax of Moorish nationalism. Not only did the Moors reconquer Morocco, but Spain also. Tetuan, controlled by the *franquista* Colonel Armada, was in a frenzied state of patriotism. The Moors, after passing through the Spanish Square, were hailed by an excited crowd of rebels ("Vivan los Moritos!"—"Long life to the dear little Moors!") and rushed to the ghetto, which was practically annihilated in a bloody massacre. The section was wiped out. No news of this occurrence appeared in any except Yiddish papers. Refugees crowded Tangiers, seeking the protection of the International Administration.

During these same days (the last week of July) in Rabat, Resident Peyrouton was mulling over the possibility of trying to rescue France as Franco was rescuing Spain. One hundred thousand soldiers were ready in Morocco, and the moment was most opportune. Administrative officers are always in favor of strong systems, since they belong to right-wing groups. And from the many rumors which were rife in administrative circles in Rabat in those days, and from statements made openly by high administrative officials to the writer, it is safe to assume that Peyrouton actually launched his project.

Such a pronunciamento in French Morocco would have at once decided the result of the Spanish war, or rather, would have obviated the possibility of war. The Loyalists could not have resisted two formidable armies in Spain. The Arabs would have given full and wholehearted support to the enterprise, since they would have been the first to benefit from it. In France all the right-wing groups, which even today are in open sympathy with the Rebels, were ready at that time to support such a coup, and an emergency Fascist Cabinet of persons like Louis Marin, Flandin or Laval himself would have welcomed this opportunity of ridding the nation forever of left-wing parties. Furthermore the anti-Semitic and racial aspects of the projected rebellion would have won sympathy not only from Mussolini but also from Hitler, and thus the destiny of Europe would have been decided.

But the revolt in French Morocco never broke out. It fizzled because the nationalistic front in France, though willing, was not ready or able to lend its support, and the military administration, nationalistic but at the same time anti-Hitler, anti-Mussolini and anti-Franco, refused to coöperate with the civil administration. The retirement from active army service of the semi-Jesuit general, Maxime Weygand, gave free rein in the Etat Major to Masonic activities which have always opposed and counterbalanced the clerical.

Furthermore, Franco, unlike Peyrouton, had prepared his path with the utmost care; he had worked his way into the Moorish soul through two years of intensive propaganda, and the army had been solidly

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with him since the proclamation of the Republic. Peyrouton, who had to handle a much more complicated machine, was foiled through the lack of time.

The friction between the civil administration and the central government has been reduced since then to a childish game of pin-pricks and drawing-room attacks. Petty and meaningless incidents are hailed by the rightist press as evidences of a wholesome and sane reaction to the insanity of the Reds, while the same incidents are pointed out by the radical press as attempts at fascism and revolt. Luckily for France and luckily for Europe, these attempts at fascism and at revolt are no more important than a small boys' fight in a back alley.

The anti-Semitic character of Franco's policy has been altered since 1936 because of the help of the Jews who do business with him. Peyrouton's plan has failed, it is true, and his following has been dispersed. He could not strike while the iron was hot, and now it has grown cold. At the present time the Spanish war has taken on such an international aspect, and has so many international ramifications, that such a project as Peyrouton's would today be of world concern, and not just a move in internal French politics. So there is no fear that the plan will ever be revived. But Morocco is not tranquil. And until Spain quiets down, and until a less feverish and more orderly regime obtains in the Presidios in Africa, trouble will loom over Morocco.

EMIL WOLFF

Call to Arms[1]

An atmosphere of foggy unreality hangs over current discussions of peace. Most of the proposals to keep war from coming to America are noble and high-minded and humane; but they have one serious defect: the world on which they are based no longer exists. The proposals are dated 1938; but the premises remain those of 1928.

This failure to keep up with events may prove almost as fatal as the events themselves. For we are now confronted with a worldwide political phenomenon, fascism, whose deeply malignant character and cancerous spread have changed every problem of civilized political existence. Peace-loving people are still trying to make themselves believe that fascism is not what it seems and that fascists do not mean to do the things they actually do. Such people even hope, by some show of affability, by some economic bribe, to transform the very nature of the evil that threatens to engulf us all. Surely, these people say to themselves, turning away from the latest fascist barbarity in the morning paper, the world cannot be so bad as that; or if it is for the moment, it cannot long remain so.

But the world *is* as bad as that: what is more, the skies threaten to become much blacker before the clouds lift again. Those who persist in closing their eyes to the vicious forces that are now deliberately attacking our civilization are the victims of unprofitable hopes and palsied wishes. Hating war, they are preparing themselves and their countrymen to endure something far more hideous than war: the "peace" perpetrated by fascism. I accuse my colleagues and friends on The New Republic of maintaining this state of wishful apathy. In the very last paragraph of its supplement on National Defense, The New Republic dared dismiss the threat of fascism and assure the reader that it cannot long "seriously menace the world."

Those words might indeed have been pardonable ten years ago: today they indicate self-deception or misjudgment of the gravest kind. Such optimism, such reckless optimism, is far more appalling when it comes from the mouths of the editors of an important liberal weekly than is the most strident war-mongering by professional militarists. And to my mind, The New Republic's attitude carries with it greater danger, for the ultimate treason of the intellectual is to place his credulous wishes above fact and truth, merely because the facts are repugnant, or because the situation they point to cannot be changed without heroic exertion. To be prepared to deal with fascism, it is better to overestimate the extent of our military needs than to underestimate the necessity of having to fight.

The Potency of the Pathological. – The most serious mistake a civilized man can make today is to assume that the fundamental values of life have not been altered in the fascist countries. Yet large groups of people still refuse to believe that nations which use the electric motor and the radio can, by a purely ideological transformation, become inimical to the larger scheme of our society. Too thinly rational to understand the nature of irrationality, our advocates of "coöperation" hope to bring the fascist states back into the normal channels of human intercourse. As Reinhold Niebuhr has well put it, such minds are incredulous of the existence of radical evil: they imagine that they are dealing with differences of degree. But they are wrong: they are dealing with a difference in kind. Fascism is a codified and coördinated barbarism. To the extent that fascism has become self-conscious, in both Italy and Germany, it has systematized its delusions, erected its perversities into a standard of values and set up a series of barbarian alternatives to

[1] Comment on Mr. Mumford's article appears in the editorial section of this issue.—THE EDITORS

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the ideals of our civilization: ideals first expressed in Judæa and Greece, widened for mankind by Christianity and reënforced through large drafts upon other civilizations by the spirit of humanistic science.

The mission of fascism, of which its leaders openly boast, is not to fulfill the promise of the modern world but to destroy it. Those who hope to find some common ground with fascism through a policy of "appeasement" or who would ward off the terrors of war by a policy of meek passivity and fearful isolation do not reckon with the strength of the irrational forces they have to face. Fascism's victories have not been based upon the superiority of fascist arms or military leadership—both are extremely doubtful: the fascist principle is to bully and blackmail the indecisive, to fight only the weak, and to conquer with exemplary savagery the helpless. Its strength lies in its capacity for demoralization.

To seek to get along with fascism on the democratic principle of live and let live is to open the way for a more complete fascist conquest. Whatever strength fascism has lies precisely in its pathological condition: its predisposition to suspicion and hatred, its violent paranoia, its readiness to exalt the maimed ego through collective sadism and murder. Every form of dishonesty, torture and violence is justified by the fascist if it promotes the advantage of the state; every form has already been used by the German Nazis and the Italian Fascists and the Japanese militarists. The bestial torture of political victims in concentration camps, the piratical sinking of defenseless cargo boats, the pitiless bombing and strafing of innocent civilians are merely the objective symbols of this philosophy of government. It is not a new philosophy: what is new to the modern world is that it is now unchallenged and unchecked.

These collective pathologies of course have their long history in the nations they afflict: that in Germany goes back centuries before the Treaty of Versailles—at least as far as the Thirty Years War—and Borgese has shown in "Goliath" that the roots of Italian fascism are even older. But when an unbalanced person threatens physical violence, it is more pressing to put him in a straitjacket than to understand his symptoms. If we are to do justice to the Japanese, the Italians and the Germans, we must first rob the fascist governments of their immediate capacity to work incurable mischief. Unlike democratic polities, fascist states have no place for moral correctives within their system: their barbarism is unchallengeable, their pathology is now incurable from within. What a large proportion of Italians and Germans may still think or feel in their private capacities no longer counts; they have no means of expression; within a generation most of the values they embody will have been extirpated by the school and the military camp.

What is needed to prevent the flames of fascist ideology from searing the world is to start a back fire. We must be ready to meet the irrational demands and claims of the fascists with the only means their philosophy recognizes as valid: superior military strength, backed by a more concentrated moral purpose on behalf of the values of civilization. To think that civilization can be saved on cheaper terms is an error. In the long run, fascism cannot compete with democracy or afford to risk its counter-challenge. Hence there is no conceivable limit to fascist aggression against democracy until the whole world is made over into fascism's own maniacal image. Reason may still emerge from this irrational world; civilization may still be rescued from those who wantonly practise decivilization. But these things will come to pass, not by vaguely wishing for them or by "trusting to time"; they will come only if we meet fascism with decisive force and fresh initiative—with a plan and a program that embody the long hopes of humanity.

Do not imagine that fascism will sweep over the world without touching America; every country contains morbid elements that will gladly harbor this disease, just as every individual has weaknesses which may, if uncorrected by treatment or happy circumtances, lead him into a prison or an asylum for the insane. Still less must one fancy that the nightmare that now confronts us will disappear if we close our eyes tightly and smile propitiatory smiles—that is the behavior of children. Unfortunately, the present world is not fit for children to live in; fascists delight to drop bombs on their heads. Thousands of men are now in concentration camps who kept on "hoping that time would change things." Time changes nothing; men must act.

Plan Against Fascism.—By a curious paralysis of the imagination, only two lines of effort have been canvassed in relation to peace and national security. One is isolationism; the other is interventionism, or collective security. Both policies glare with inadequacies; they are the work, alas! of the blind, the timid, the slothful and the deceived. Neither program is adequate to defend our way of life against the hostile assault of fascism; on the contrary, both would render the American tradition impotent.

As for collective security, it was ditched by the British in 1932 and by the French in 1935; by now the possibility of a concerted defense against fascism in Europe is gone and Europe is in all probability already lost to civilization. No effort of ours now will undo the mischiefs that have heaped up since the Treaty of Versailles. Had there been a show of justice and magnanimity among the democratic states of Europe before 1932, collective security might have had the approval of an intelligent American; today our main concern must be to save the United States, and not be drawn into the vortex of European bar-

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barism. In the end, this may be Europe's salvation.

Isolationism, on the other hand, is nothing less than a declaration of submission to the forces that threaten our Constitution, our own way of life, our traditional dislike of despotism. As embodied in our Neutrality Act, this policy assumes that what happens to the rest of the world makes no difference to us so long as we keep to ourselves. Such isolationism is dangerous in two ways: it gives the fascists opportunity to extend their conquests—they have already drawn Tory Britain into their orbit—and it gives encouragement to those obscene, irrational forces in the United States that favor fascism. Our isolationism, indeed, does not go far enough: it does not withdraw fascist influence from the United States. What we must isolate is not ourselves but fascism.

What do the facts demand by way of a realistic American policy, boldly carved in the traditions of our country? First, we must affirm our faith in our own institutions by taking a positive stand for them in open opposition to fascism. The instrument of this policy should be a comprehensive Non-Intercourse Act, which would dramatically withdraw all economic and political intercourse, to begin with, from the three militant fascist states—Germany, Italy, Japan.

This policy has excellent historic precedent; but whereas it failed in Jefferson's administration because of our economic insignificance then, its application today would be a different matter. Our refusal to buy Japanese silk and Japanese cheapjack wares, or to sell scrap iron to Japan, would put a crimp in both her economic activities and her war preparations. Similarly, the prohibition of tourist travel in Germany and Italy would rob these countries of important financial aids for their armament. As an economic stroke, such a policy would not of course immediately stay the spread of fascism, but as a moral gesture it would restore to democracy the élan, the self-confidence and, above all, the initiative, which up to now have been the special possession of dictatorial regimes. In advance of war, it would weaken fascism and aid democracy.

But to implement non-intercourse we must take risks. We have no guarantee against fascist piracy even in times of peace; our shipping might have to be placed on a war basis to avoid such typical barbarian attacks. And further to strengthen our hand, we should—in contradiction to our present policy of "neutrality"—build up a navy capable of keeping the sea-lanes open in peace and war for the passage of goods to non-fascist countries. I make no effort to gloze in pacifist terms the assumptions of this policy; the axiom on which it is based is that *fascism has already declared war*. Fascism is a vicious force that now seriously threatens American democracy, and to defend ourselves and our institutions we must take the initiative, before it has consolidated its power, before it has further undermined our self-confidence, before its successful depredations have increased its capacities for conquest. If that means war, it means war only as an alternative to something far more brutal and disastrous than war—submission to fascism itself.

The Advantages of Democratic Militancy.—This policy of action against fascism has many tactical advantages. And the first of them is that the time, the place and the weapons used in the battle are primarily of our own choosing. We do not wait for fascism to choose the right moment to strangle us, while the forces friendly to fascism have had an opportunity to rally together in our country and undermine our democratic morale and our will to fight on behalf of civilization against the pathology of barbarism.

Again, this policy is based on our national tradition of self-reliance; it does not involve us in blanket commitments or entangling alliances with Europe; it is Washingtonian and Jeffersonian to the core. So far as this policy of non-intercourse works out favorably to the European democracies, it does so on our own terms: it is based on our needs and is limited by our plans. We do not have to commit ourselves to supporting such disconcerting advocates of democracy as the pro-Hitler Tories of Great Britain or the Stalinist dictatorship in Russia. In short, we act alone. But we act in behalf of those permanent values of civilization that we share with all men of good will, not least those in the fascist countries. Democratic Europe may still find a way to join *us*.

Meanwhile, non-intercourse gives us the opportunity to liquidate the skeleton army that the fascist states have already planted in this country. No adequate policy of national defense can ignore this menace, for it consists, not only of isolated spies and provocateurs, but of thousands of active Nazis and Fascists who, if they are Americanized at all, are citizens only in the narrowest legal sense; every action betrays their foreign allegiance. In addition to these active disseminators of fascism, busily drilling their private armies and spreading their gospels of anti-Semitism and anti-democracy, there is a new set of fascist allies: the Roman Catholic hierarchy. While the great body of Roman Catholics are genuinely loyal to American institutions, despite their authoritarian religion, the Church has chosen to ally itself with democracy's chief enemy, fascism. The Roman Catholic priesthood has even taken over the typical fascist hoax of making war on popular government by playing up the fictitious threat of communism. This is a particularly odious trick in an overwhelmingly unbolshevik country like ours, where the Church is now threatened by nothing but its own folly.

Non-intercourse would deprive the fascist groups of active external support and direction: it would isolate and curb their activities. At the same time it would give the Catholic hierarchy in America an opportunity

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to reconsider its suicidal policy of upholding fascism, by nature hostile to Christianity, as against our secular democracy, which has maintained a consistently neutral, tolerant attitude toward all religious creeds. The sooner the Church shows good will to American democracy—even if democracy should numerically veto the Church's political views on child labor or birth control—the easier will it be for loyal Americans to maintain their precious Protestant tradition of religious tolerance.

As a matter of elementary military protection, the national registration and surveillance of all active fascists should be undertaken. Likewise, the disbanding of all private armies, including cadet corps. This would lessen the opportunities for organized disruption and sabotage and it would reserve military force for the duly constituted arms of the government, sworn to respect and uphold the Constitution and laws of the United States.

Liberty Still Tastes Sweet.—Until the disintegration of fascism takes place, the United States is probably destined to play the role of Byzantium in the new Dark Ages: a beleaguered island in the rising sea of barbarism that may eventually sweep over us, unless, meeting resistance outside, fascism dissipates its power and suddenly ebbs away. But such a position cannot be maintained without inner certainty and cohesion as well as external military strength. By retreating cravenly before fascism we shall not reduce the threat of war. All that such a policy can do is to postpone the active stage of the struggle till our own morale is shattered. That is not the way of peace; it is the way of death. Spengler gloatingly predicted this submission of the more humane and domesticated groups before an arrogant Caesarism; it is for us to throw this lie in the fascists' teeth.

Now is the time to make a stand; the hour of hoping for the fascist countries to listen to reason or be upset by inner turmoil is long past. We must answer fascism with a challenge and a plan; above all, with a faith in our American institutions, and in the possibilities of a civilization based, not upon violent tyrannies, but upon the natural coöperations and friendly rivalries of all men of good will. Woe to them who, as Blake said, would forever depress mental and prolong corporeal war! Admittedly, the situation itself is a tragic one: it is part of the nature of tragic choices that they leave no easier alternative. But had I a rostrum to address my countrymen from, I would shout to them, as one would shout to a sleeping man threatened by fire: "Wake up! If you stay a moment longer with your dreams, you are lost. You must act firmly, my countrymen, in the menacing situation into which you are thrown. You are not prepared to deal with this sinister world, its boastful militarisms make you shrink from raising your own arms; you hate the insensateness, the bitter irrationality of war. Every civilized man shares those feelings.

"But if we are to achieve real security, we must not be supine and inert. There is a graver danger than the temporary barbarism of war: namely, the all-devouring and forcefully ingrained and enduring barbarism of the fascist state. To avert this greater danger, we must risk the lesser. To arms! We must rally to our free republican institutions and be prepared to fight for them. Now. . . . *Now!* Tomorrow may mean never; the day after tomorrow may bring on the long brutal reign of fascism's servile ideal of life and its savage, demented notion of human destiny: a world in which the humane and the wise will be in concentration camps and the rest of humanity in a prison whose bars will be so universal that the very fact of their degrading confinement will not be known to them.

"My countrymen, we have at best only a few moments left in which to face our situation intelligently and to carry through the necessary measures to preserve our integrity. Is it worth it? I do not ask that question. This appeal is not addressed to those who do not believe in our American tradition or in the humane ways of civilization; nor is it addressed to those who will not believe that there are worse ignominies to the spirit and worse cruelties to the flesh than killing or being killed. The time for action is now. The place is the United States. The people to do it are the great mass of free, self-governing, liberty-loving Americans. To arms! Gather together your strength and prepare for action. Strike first against fascism; and strike hard. But strike."

LEWIS MUMFORD

Thoughts During an Air Raid

Of course, the entire effort is to put myself
Outside the ordinary range
Of what are called statistics. A hundred are killed
In the outer suburbs. Well, well, I carry on.
So long as the great "I" is propped upon
This girdered bed which seems more like a hearse,
In the hotel bedroom with flowering paper
Which rings in wreaths above, I can ignore
The pressure of those names under my fingers
Heavy and blank as I rustle the paper,
The wireless wail in the lounge margin.
Yet supposing that a bomb should dive
Its nose right through this bed, with me upon it?
The thought is obscene. Still, there are many
To whom my death would only be a name,
One figure in a column. The essential is
That all the "I"s should remain separate
Propped up under flowers, and no one suffer
For his neighbor. Then horror is postponed
For everyone until it settles on him
And drags him to that incommunicable grief
Which is all mystery or nothing.

STEPHEN SPENDER

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Shoot the Works

The New Gettysburg

THE SPEECH contained just thirty words, but The New York Herald Tribune hailed it as one of the greatest orations ever made by an American. If posterity upholds this point of view the lot of the American schoolboy in future days will become far easier than it is at present. When pupils are asked to learn some little gem for the final test in the elocution class, many choose the Gettysburg Address and I fear this may not be based wholly on the undoubted eloquence of Lincoln but rather more because the masterpiece is brief and compact. Yet it contains far more sides than the latest nomination for the shelf of classics. And many there will be to advance to the front of the school auditorium to say, "I have chosen for my exercise the speech delivered by Henry Ford at the Advertising Dinner of the Newspaper Publishers' Association." Then loud and clear there will ring out:

"Mr. Toastmaster, and gentlemen, we are all on the spot. Stick to your guns, and I will help you, with the assistance of my son, all I can. Thank you."

At first glance there are no new quotable phrases in this forensic effort. Mr. Ford did not make up out of his own head "stick to your guns" or even "we are all on the spot." I think the phrase to which the newspaper publishers responded and the one they carried away to put under their pillows and sleep upon like wedding cake was "I will help you."

In days to come there will be endless argument as to just what gesture Henry Ford used in putting over this statement. Obviously it was accompanied by no Fascist salute or clenched fist. My own theory is that the orator who wishes to put over the proper effect should open both hands suddenly as if scattering birdseed to pigeons. Very likely this will not be historically accurate, but a hundred years hence some extra added emphasis may be needed to convey to the spectators the background of the original audience and the full significance of the ringing statement.

The publishers needed no hint to bring them to their feet all beatific and cheering. A few words went a long way. It is said that the Gettysburg Address attracted little comment at the time it was delivered because Mr. Lincoln spoke in a low voice which was barely audible. Moreover, the sentiments which he expressed were so lofty and so felicitous in phrasing that the true worth of the utterance was discovered only after study. According to the news accounts, Henry Ford did not speak very loudly either. Nor was he committed to any printed or written manuscript. He just made the whole thing up as he went along and, without seeming to strain for the *mot juste*, the words fell into their proper order and cadence. And he got off to a running start. Even if The Herald Tribune had not bestowed editorial benediction, there was hardly a publisher present who was not ready from the outset to declare that Henry was a simple and homespun American who had spoken directly out of his own full heart.

"The thirty words," said The Herald Tribune, "that Henry Ford uttered in his already famous speech before the publishers packed all the wisdom and encouragement there is. The picture—'We are on the spot'—was accurate. The advice—'Stick to your guns'—was the best. The promise of help should bring everybody up cheering."

"The realism, the staunchness, the friendliness were the country itself," adds The Herald Tribune. "So was the brevity of the performance—not forgetting Mr. Edsel Ford's eight words and Mr. Cameron's none.

"Speaking at this dramatic moment, Mr. Ford gave his fellow citizens a mighty lift. And they needed it. In the grip of a great depression, with confusion thick in Washington and worry around every corner, they have been standing steadily against heavy odds. Such leadership means they will go on standing—'sticking to their guns.'

"It's a tough country, we mean to say. Here's predicting that it will break the New Deal long before the New Deal breaks it!"

It is safe to assume that there was no confusion in the minds of the newspaper publishers as to what Henry Ford meant when he said, "I will help you." The word "help" coming from one of the largest advertisers in the country is likely to mean just one thing. And seemingly that was the interpretation which the guardians of a free press put upon the words of comfort. They were cheering not mere artistry and oratorical skill but something very tangible.

Of course, Mr. Ford did suggest that certain conditions might be attached to his generous offer to aid beleaguered interpreters of public opinion who found their readers growing skeptical or lukewarm in the matter of turning to just those publications for news. Only the precisionist will maintain that Henry Ford's words were in any way cryptic. He identified his political and economic views as being identical with the markedly conservative attitudes of the ANPA. He advised the publishers to maintain that position and promised that if they would do so he and his son Edsel would do all they could to help. That may be something less than an advertising contract signed on the dotted line, but certainly many of the newspapermen will feel not only disappointed but actually aggrieved if the sinews for the war against the New Deal are not forthcoming.

One does not like to be captious in pointing out a trivial flaw in a great work of art, but it is debatable as to whether the Ford speech was not just a shade too long. The audience which he faced did not really need to be told, "Stick to your guns." Their sniping at all things progressive has been carried on without cessation for more than four years. Not only have they devoted their editorial pages to the attack but some of our best known newspapers have also had the vision and the courage to lend their news columns as well to the drive. They have held back nothing. It must pain an editor to sacrifice the time-honored journalistic tradition that a reporter handling a news story is supposed to stick to the facts and refrain from editorializing. But in the great fight against the New Deal no sacrifice is too great. The tradition is gone in many places and slipping in many others.

For instance just two days after Ford's "stick to your guns" speech The Herald Tribune sent a reporter to do an unsigned news story on the May Day parade in New York City. In describing the speeches made in Union

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Square the young factualist wrote, "There was fulsome praise for the Roosevelt recovery program." In the old days any hardboiled copyreader would have said, "Fulsome to whom, sonny? Remember your own opinions don't count in a news story." But since the reporter's opinion also happened to be that of The Herald Tribune, his one-line editorial comment rode merrily through all editions. Indeed he got away with more. Later on in the same story I found, "Among those enjoying the taxpayers' largesse who marched along with the United Front was a contingent from the College of the City of New York."

And so it is possible that a speech could be made in reply to Henry Ford in even briefer compass. Someone might have said to the publishers, "Isn't it possible that you are all on the spot because you are sticking to your guns instead of sticking to the news?" HEYWOOD BROUN

Washington Notes

The NLRB Still Stands

LAST WEEK the country had a chance to see how bitterly the employing class resents the National Labor Relations Board. The NLRB's counsel, Mr. Charles Fahy, initiated necessary legal steps to bring about a temporary halt in the Republic Steel and Ford cases. Whereupon business men attending the annual meeting of the United States Chamber of Commerce here gave themselves over to jubilation. Triumphantly it was said that the Supreme Court, in its decision two weeks ago in the Kansas City stockyards case, had placed the National Labor Relations Act in jeopardy. Mr. Fahy's action was declared to be a confession of the NLRB's lawless ways.

This rejoicing is altogether premature. It is necessary to understand that, under the NLRB practice, hearings are seldom held by the Board members themselves. Instead, they are held by regional representatives at a place near the scene of a dispute. At the conclusion of a hearing, an intermediate report is sometimes—although not always—prepared by the regional officials, and a copy given the defendant company. If it wishes to object on procedural grounds, a further hearing is then sometimes granted in Washington.

In the Republic and Ford cases, this intermediate report was skipped. As a semi-judicial body, the NLRB feels it cannot explain or defend its act, but it is permissible to guess that Mr. Fahy's legal moves of the last few days have been meant to repair this omission. Why did the NLRB jump the intermediate-report step in these two cases? Again the NLRB's motives may be surmised. An intermediate report adds nothing to the legal record of a case. A second hearing in Washington, however, can consume many weeks. It was generally known that Republic and Ford, whatever was done, would refuse to obey the NLRB's orders and would appeal to the courts. Evidently the NLRB felt that its wisest course was to hurry the cases on to a point where the court fight could begin. It must be remembered that the two cases have been pending for nearly a year. Between them, Republic and Ford have about 150,000 workers, who are entitled to all possible speed.

However, a further guess about the NLRB may be ventured. It is likely that, while the lay officials of the NLRB were solely anxious for speed, the legal staff was also worried about legal niceties. Apparently they feared that the omission of the intermediate report might permit the Republic and Ford attorneys to drag in vague and shadowy constitutional issues that otherwise could not be raised. Administration lawyers have a professional respect for the Ford attorney, Mr. Frederick H. Wood, who single-handed has laid low two New Deal laws, the NRA in the Schechter case, and the first Guffey coal act in the Carter case. When the Supreme Court, in its Kansas City stockyards decision, showed its fastidiousness in matters of administration routine, Mr. Fahy and his colleagues apparently decided to backtrack. Their action means that the Republic's steel workers and the automobile workers of Ford must wait a little longer before they have the government's authority behind them in bargaining with their employers, but that is all it means.

Last week's meeting between Mr. John L. Lewis and Sr. Vincente Lombardo Toledano, head of the Mexican labor organization, the CTM, may some day be looked back upon as of historic importance. At present, American capitalists are not popular in Mexico. That Mexican workers, at a time when feeling against the *imperialismo yanqui* is running high, could appeal trustfully for assistance from Yankee workers has considerable significance. As Sr. Toledano and Mr. Lewis shook hands in the magnificent headquarters of the United Mine Workers here, it seemed possible to believe that the international solidarity of the workers on this side of the Atlantic was an attainable goal.

No doubt Mr. Lewis' manifest warmth towards Sr. Toledano sprang, in part, from the fact that Mexico's oil workers are struggling against the same group of companies that Mr. Harvey Fremming's CIO oil union is fighting in Texas and Oklahoma. Big Oil has shown none of the industrial statesmanship of Big Steel, and its hardboiled behavior abroad is paralleled in its attitude at home. But it is probable that a second reason for Mr. Lewis' new alliance with Sr. Toledano is the recent strange interest of the A. F. of L. in Pan American affairs.

In the days of Mr. Gompers, the A. F. of L. created a Pan American Federation of Labor. It has been largely inactive for years, but two weeks ago Sr. Santiago Iglesias, long-time Puerto Rican labor leader and now the Resident Commissioner of Puerto Rico in Washington, suddenly presented the monthly council meeting of the A. F. of L. with a request that representatives of the Pan American Federation be convened. The Mexican organization belonging to the Pan American Federation is the CROM, now virtually defunct. Its head is Sr. Luis Morones, hostile to the Cárdenas regime and a former associate of ex-President Calles. It is conceivable that Sr. Iglesias' request is wholly innocent, but the obvious result of convening the Pan American Federation would be to give Sr. Morones a forum in which to attack Sr. Toledano and the Cárdenas labor policies.

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In the hilarious Democratic primary in Pennsylvania, spokesmen for the Kennedy-Wilson ticket—which is backed by Labor's Non-Partisan League—have alleged that Governor George H. Earle not only borrowed $30,000 from Mr. Matthew H. McCloskey, but made him the state's official representative before the PWA. As most readers know, Mr. McCloskey is Pennsylvania's most prominent contractor and a highly successful bidder on PWA jobs. Senator Guffey, chief manager of the Kennedy-Wilson forces, has introduced a resolution in the Senate asking Secretary Ickes to divulge a letter supposedly containing Mr. McCloskey's appointment.

It is certain this letter exists. About a year ago, according to report, Mr. Earle journeyed to Washington in search of federal funds. He went first to the White House, and there Mr. Roosevelt unfolded to him a glorious prospect. Pennsylvania, Mr. Roosevelt explained, would not have the measly 45-percent grant made to other states, but a 130-percent grant—130 percent of the amount spent for labor on each project. The single stipulation was that relief workers be used. Dazzled, Mr. Earle hastened back to Harrisburg to spread the great tidings.

Mr. Roosevelt's offer was doubtless made with the best of heart. He has always wished to join the PWA and the WPA, stubbornly refusing to admit that a public-works program and direct work relief are incompatible in principle. Mr. Earle met with a frigid reception at Harrisburg. He was told that the A. F. of L. building-trades workers did not want to go on relief and would certainly refuse relief wages, and that Mr. Roosevelt's suggested plan would break up every contracting organization in the state, notably Mr. McCloskey's. According to report, Mr. Earle thereupon begged Mr. McCloskey to go to Washington and straighten matters out, which Mr. McCloskey did.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Chamber of Commerce as Savior

LAST WEEK was marked by a session of the good old Chamber of Commerce at which many of the great minds which ducked into the storm cellar in 1933 spat out their venom at the New Deal.

The depression was tackled by a lawyer and a scientist—severally members of two professions which know probably as little about depressions as can be found in a day's panel argument. The lawyer was Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich; the scientist Dr. Robert Millikan.

At least it must be said for Mr. Aldrich that he was coached by an economist, the economist of the Chase National Bank, who whispers into the hospitable ears of his chiefs his ideas on the virtues of good old laissez-faire.

Mr. Aldrich wants a breathing spell for business. Nobody knows better than the Chase National Bank how precious a boon is the privilege of breathing. Its breath was coming in very quick and feeble gasps back in 1933. And there were thousands of banks which gave up altogether the struggle to breathe and curled up in the presence of waiting lines of depositors. The government looked very good then with its pulmotor. Now the banks are feeling frisky again. Their lungs are full of air of some sort instead of being drowned in water; their ledgers, if not their vaults, are full of government obligations, their chiefs have acquired religion and a dose of respectability, so now they want another kind of breathing spell.

The whole object is to enable the nation to "assimilate" the reforms which have been set up and by a process of collaboration with the government, to test these reforms and modify them where needed. What business wants is some sort of pledge from the government that it will make an end of new legislation, new measures. This is, to put it mildly, an amazing request to a government which stands in the midst of a floor, with the waters rising daily around it. There are twelve million or more idle and the number is increasing constantly. The depression is creeping out into the farm regions and very soon the farmers will be yelling for something or other. The economic system is going through that kind of depreciation which attacked it in 1929 to 1933 and the tempo of business activity is slowing down each month. It is a fair thing to say that neither business nor the government knows what to do. But it is an extraordinary request to make of a responsible government in the presence of such a disaster, to ask it to enter into an agreement with business to do nothing more for another two or three years.

Dr. Millikan, the scientist, revealed a magnificent naïveté in his approach to the problem. It is all simple to him. He is not an economist, but all by himself and apparently without the aid of an economic adviser like Mr. Aldrich's, he evolved out of his own inner consciousness a solution which, as one newspaper put it, went right to the heart of the problem. Dr. Millikan, who turned aside for the moment from the cosmic rays, declared with vigor that what the country needed was more, not less wealth, that the conquest of the depression lay in creating more wealth. At this point it all seemed so simple to the great physicist that he exclaimed with gusto that we should make an end of argument and go to producing more wealth.

But he didn't tell us how this is to be done. Oddly, for a scientist, he mistakes the end for the solution. There is no one who does not want to see more wealth produced. But the big point to which the doctor might now turn his attention is—how is this to be done? And after the man of science has evolved a complete plan for producing more wealth I should like to suggest that he would then pass from the domain of economy to another and strangely difficult realm—the realm of politics. For with the best plan in the world, a savior can do nothing unless he can get it adopted. So it all comes down to this, according to Dr. Millikan—that the solution of the depression is easy; all we have to do is to find a solution.

The recession has now passed from the lay-off stage to the salary-reduction stage. This is not to say that layoffs have been discontinued. Far from it. But the layoffs are merely a continuance of the phenomenon that has been in progress for eight months. Now wages are being reduced and demands for wage reductions are being made. The railroads, notably, are asking labor to take a 15-percent cut. The roads this year have seen their moderate

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earnings of 1937 disappear. In the first month of 1937 the Class I roads earned $148,000,000. In the first month of this year they earned, net, on their property investment $19,000,000. A wage cut, however justified it may be by the low state of road earnings, means nevertheless the extinguishing of nearly $200,000,000 of purchasing power. And if that is wiped out, some energy somewhere in the system must produce a substitute for it or the rest of the economic system will suffer and other industries will be drawn into the destructive cycle of wage-cutting.

Those who think that business can pull us out of this depression by itself and who believe also that business will do it by means of investment may well be appalled by the job business will have reviving investment. In the month of March, total new financing in securities amounted to a little over $9,000,000. In February it was around $2,000,000. That is about what it was per day last year in February and per week in March. And last year it was appallingly low at that. New investment has practically come to a standstill. I do not think we have had a phenomenon like this in thirty years. To talk of suspending the flow of government money into the system under these circumstances offers a prospect so startling that one draws back from contemplating what would happen if this advice were heeded.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Fun in Politics

"WASHINGTON JITTERS" is what you might suppose from the title, a burlesque at the expense of affairs in the national government. (It was taken by John Boruff and Walter Hart from a book by the same name by Dalton Trumbo, and staged by Walter Hart. Guild Theatre, New York.) It seems rather aimless at first and takes some time to pull itself together, but pretty soon the familiar pauper-as-prince theme, modified to fit democratic practices, gets clearly established and things begin to hum. The story is about a harmless dope who was mistaken for some new New Deal coördinator, and his common-citizen remarks on government broadcast to the nation. He became a mystery man and found himself holding the balance of power and also a stenographic babe, hardly realizing the potentialities of either.

All through there is a clever use of the cutting technique of the movies, and by the time the first-act curtain drops on the complex hubbub following that perfectly delicious drunken episode in the bar, the thing is ready to go. The mystery man is bid for by both the Southern Senator and Mehafferty, mad enough to lick his own stamps. Egged on by the girl, though still pretty dazed, he leads up to a big broadcast in which he finally goes before the people to sell out both factions and tell the electorate just who he is and what politicians are and how it is the victim of a horde of incompetent sleepyheads, namely itself.

Outside the principals the play is indebted to Will Geer, Bertram Thorn, Harry Shannon, Forrest Orr. It almost muffs the climax by too much literalism and dilly-dally, and it needs tightening and pruning all through. But it has some wonderful punch lines, and makes quite a caustic and funny evening.

O. F.

The Bandwagon

It has often been asked in foreign countries what help has been given to us by nations that sympathize with our aims of patriotism and freedom—in short, Italy, Germany and Portugal? The answer is simple. The only help given to us by those friends has been just moral—the kind of moral support which gives our spirit confidence and happiness. – *General Francisco Franco, leader of the Spanish rebellion, quoted in The San Francisco Chronicle.*

Repeating his criticisms of democracies, Hitler said that he could at any time consult the Germans and obtain their "Yes," adding: "Not all leaders of democracies could say the same." – *News item in The New York Times.*

Testifying before Judge Bok on Amkino's appeal [against the censorship of a film] in January, Mrs. Palmer said the film contained the "most magnificent acting I've seen, but I don't like Communists." – *From a news item in the Hollywood Daily Edition of Variety.*

In a few years the Jews in Germany will build a monument to Hitler for the just way he has treated them. – *Caroline Mead, member of the New Milford, New Jersey, Amerika-Deutscher Bund, quoted in The Bergen, N. J., Evening Record.*

The Numbers Racket?

You can solve the problem of hungry children by teaching them arithmetic. – *Dr. John A. Sexson, superintendent of schools at Pasadena, California, quoted in The San Francisco News.*

Queen Canute

He [Governor La Follette] also knows that what is no longer permissible in this world is revolution. He knows that the class struggle leading toward revolution is not allowed. – *Dorothy Thompson in her syndicated column in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Have You Done Any Good Work Lately?

Mrs. Robert Gardiner and her son, the effervescent and genial Robert D L. Gardiner, are giving a small party on April 29 in the Persian Room. Bob keeps inheriting country places and town houses from various elder members of his family and in an effort to keep up with his taxes he has actually had to go to work! It's the first time on record that any Gardiner has ever had to roll up his sleeves. This has given all of the Gardiner friends an ideal topic of conversation. – *Item in the Society Column of The New York World-Telegram.*

"Shoulder the Sky, My Lad"

Even if a highly integrated American government could *guarantee* us a higher standard of living, the vast majority of Americans would prefer to risk a somewhat lower standard of living and have a great deal more liberty to live their own private economic lives. There are still millions of Americans, and I am sure engineers belong to this group, who would like to have the privilege at odd moments and when in the mood, of lying lazily under a shade

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tree and gazing dreamily at the sky.—*From a statement by James D. Mooney, president of the General Motors Export Company, quoted in Electrical Engineering.*

Wishful-Thinking Department

It's hard to believe in these times, but the outstanding characteristic of our successful men is plain goodness.—*Editorial note in The Jamestown, N. Y., Evening Journal.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS

A Communication

Ramon, Miguel and Dolores

> Bombs Kill 158 Children in Church at Barcelona—Air Raid Toll May Be 600—*Headline in The New York Herald Tribune.*

SIR: My friend Ramon, four years old, who lived near my house in our little suburb outside Malaga, received his first toy when he was that age in August, 1935. His laughter had its roots in the dazzling Mediterranean sun which fed the fragrance of my garden. His little belly was puffed out by *garbanzos* (chick peas) and coarse bread—also with the importance of being the only child in our district who possessed a toy. He was an Anarchist, preferring to eat the chocolate he received in my house without bread. This revolutionary tendency in the New Generation distressed his mother.

My friend Miguel—ten years old—brought flowers to me, his sister Dolores' duenna, because I sometimes remembered she was a human being. When the Moors were coming up the road to Malaga after July 18, 1936, he showed me a little penknife.

Dolores herself, twenty, with the soft blush of pink roses in her cheeks, was waiting for life in the form of a *novio* (fiancé) who would not expect a dowry. She thought me crazy because I said flies spread disease. My crême caramel, however, impressed her because it was made of eggs *and* sugar. When I asked her once whether some honey she had bought was from Barcelona, she said: "No, Señorita, Español." Catalonia was not Spain.

Her mother, who like many other women of Spain had laughed for generations at the politics of their fathers, husbands and sons, was finally forced by fascism to clench her fist and say *"Salud!"*—health for Spain.

Dolores' brothers who helped me to escape the Moors and Fascists marching toward our suburb, their mother, Dolores, Miguel, Ramon, remained behind to resist those Moorish, Italian and German mercenaries. Their weapons then were those futile little penknives of Miguel, sticks and ancient shotguns. They also possessed, and were possessed by, their *unyieldingness.*

My travels in Europe and the Near East the past nine years, and especially the long periods I have spent every one of those years in Spain, have taught me that it is necessary to learn to speak for those who cannot and do not speak—except with their deeds. I have noticed in the extraordinarily generous kindness of the reviews of my first book, in which is reported the Spain I saw, that some reviewers have mentioned (tolerantly) my "anger" and "violent indignation"—as if to say, well, as she feels too strongly about what she saw, her feeling about the Spanish struggle undoubtedly is cockeyed. But I was not violent enough. It is odd how concern in the oppression of one's fellows can be disposed of by hinting that one has committed that greatest of contemporary social errors—sentimentality. Subtler, however, are those noble spirits who casuistically cut through any evidence presented by the simple expedient of ignoring it, and then make threats in Christ's name, or label anti-religious, Communist, Anarchist, any statement, irrespective of the actual truth.

Yet even a Rightist surely cannot condone the wanton murder of innocent Ramons, Miguels and Doloreses in an Almeria, Valencia, Barcelona.

The Spanish people are almost alone against most of Europe. When the Fascist rebellion—using pagan Mohammedan Moors to save "Christianity" in Spain—broke out in July, 1936, the Spanish people were looking forward for the first time to a life in which—*maybe*—a man might be *sure* of 30 cents a day to keep alive his family. It was almost the millennium for Spain—the first time in a thousand years of feudalism, inquisitorial bigotry and backbreaking toil that this 30 cents might be certain. The little Ramons and Anitas and Miguels were attending the new state school for the first time—and through my open windows I always knew it was noon when their voices impatiently raced through the song that ends "Vive l'Etat"—to the music which is the theme used in Joris Ivens' and Ernest Hemingway's motion picture, "The Spanish Earth." My friend, the old cake-woman, eighty years old, was looking forward to "social security" after a life in which she had earned nothing but fear. None of these people, my neighbors, ever was sure of anything but hunger. Why, the little toy bull, which was made to do impossible things by my friend Ramon, was the first store toy ever seen in that neighborhood. And my suburb was typical in its daily existence of the grinding poverty of Spain.

And so I speak "violently" and "emotionally"—in behalf of my friend, Ramon, even if he no longer is alive, as Miguel, Dolores, her mother and four fine strong sons, or the old cake-woman may not be alive. For they were of those *unyielding* Spanish people who, when the Italian mercenaries marched into Malaga, left it to go up the road to distant Almeria, and were bombed and machine-gunned as they trudged defenseless by Mussolini's "living dangerously" heroes in airplanes.

There are many agencies of help for the Spanish people—I myself belong to no party, to no organization, and thus mention no one group in particular. What I have attempted to do is to show that the help given is for people, persons. The help is for Ramon, and Miguel and Dolores, and their mothers and fathers and brothers—help to make them feel that, though Spain is alone, there is at least flesh-and-blood warmth somewhere in the world toward them in their fight to preserve democracy for us all, and, believing, to fight unyieldingly for a world in which the spirit of man can flower, even on 30 cents a day.

New York City ANGNA ENTERS

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Correspondence

Realism v. Bluff or Blunder

SIR: It is generally admitted that Mr. Chamberlain's deal with Mussolini, whatever it means for "democracy," is good for the British Empire and substantially lessens the *immediate* likelihood of world war.

Isn't it time, then, for the Communists and other advocates of collective security of the Wilsonian brand, twenty years too late, to admit that what Mr. Chamberlain has done is precisely what *on his premises* he ought to have done and they ought to have expected him to try to do? He has accepted the logic of the situation as he found it and has acted so as to preserve for a while longer British imperial interests and the position of his own class within the Empire. . . . Neither Anthony Eden nor the British Labor Party offered an effective alternative. "Back to the League," which has failed so consistently, is no program. Clearly, neither that most correct and cautious Knight of the League (and the British Empire), Mr. Eden, nor for that matter most of the Labor Party, was prepared to say to the aggressors: "Stop or we fight." Short of that their talk was bluff or blunder. . . .

The moral for Americans is plain. There is today no possibility of a collective security for true democracy by alliances of capitalist states. . . . We owe Mr. Chamberlain thanks for showing what collective security means to realists and how certainly Roosevelt's war would not cure what Wilson's did so much to cause.

Our task is to develop the forces of the workers for a peace resting on a very different basis than capitalist nationalism affords. Meanwhile we must fight every act that makes America's entry into war more likely and seek every means to guard against it. Which is the case for the Keep America Out of War Committee and its National Anti-War Congress in Washington, May 28-30.

New York City NORMAN THOMAS

Letter to Bliven (with Enclosure)

SIR: The significant feature of the letters criticizing Bruce Bliven's "Letter to Stalin" [The New Republic, April 27] is that these criticisms were published in the journal of which Mr. Bliven is editor. Try to picture a similar "Letter to Stalin" published in Russia or Germany and, if your imagination is powerful enough, picture the journal that publishes the letter also publishing similar criticisms.

Your fairness induces me herewith to renew my subscription for a year, though it has not yet expired.

Essex Fells, N. J. FREDERIC CYRUS LEUBUSCHER

Handbooks for Farmers

SIR: The New Republic recently [February 9] published a review by Maury Maverick of the 1937 Yearbook of Agriculture, a 1,500-page volume on plant and animal genetics. "There is no doubt," it said, "that this work is monumental, and excellent—but the next job must be simpler and of more benefit to the average dirt-digger. He [Mr. Wallace] must get out a Farmers' Handbook—with everything in it about everyday living, such as home gardening, raising chickens, sheep and rabbits; how to make soap, remedies for stock."

I think it should be pointed out that this "everyday living" service to American farmers is just what the United States Department of Agriculture has been doing for the past seventy-five years. Virtually it has that very thing—a Farmers' Handbook—in its series of about 2,000 Farmers' Bulletins on every conceivable farm-and-home subject, from raising hogs to killing bedbugs. By law Congressmen are entitled to distribute four out of every five copies of these bulletins printed.

The government's response to agriculture has never been merely a matter of distributing garden seeds. The Department of Agriculture is probably the world's greatest scientific organization, and it must apply its scientific findings to the needs of society as a whole; for, as one agricultural writer, Arthur P. Chew, has said, "agricultural science merges with other sciences and nourishes the general culture of the world." So perhaps the Department's monumental work on genetics is more important right now than a new Farmers' Handbook would be.

Arlington, Va. PAUL H. OEHSER

A Road to War

SIR: I looked forward to Keynes's article [The New Republic, April 13] with great expectation of vigorous logic and nicest thought. But, alas, how dismally disappointed I was. He also calls for collective action against the aggressors. He also calls for determined leadership. He also calls for a show of power and its use. All of these—collective action, determined leadership and power—are the clichés of those war-minded whether it be on jingoist grounds, economic reasons or ideological shibboleths. Keynes fails to see the one fundamental of the entire problem—a division of the world into antagonistic sides will lead to war, certain war, and horrible brutality.

Brooklyn, N. Y. MICHAEL WOOLF

SIR: If Mr. Schuman is so convinced of the perfidy of England [The New Republic, April 20] it becomes downright silly for him to advocate a policy of collective security in which the United States, on his own analysis, would become a tail to England's kite. If he is so much concerned about the fate of Russia's workers and peasants, why should he be less concerned about the fate of English, American and French workers and farmers whom he would sacrifice in the crusade for collective security. For he makes quite clear that collective security means war. If he is right about the perfidy of the class that rules England's foreign policy, then it follows that the chief enemy of the English workers is to be found in their own country. I think the same could be shown to be true for the French and American workers, farmers and sharecroppers. If these countries go to war we cannot be sure whether it will be *with* Russia against Germany and Italy, or with Germany and Italy *against* Russia. But we can be sure that if war comes, these countries will go fascist in fact if not in name. The whole argument for collective security is a bloody joke. The best proof of it is Mr. Schuman's article.

The moral is: Let's fight reaction in our own country: Let's fight for civil liberties, more democracy and better living conditions in our own country. There is plenty to be done. Why go on a fool's errand as we did in 1917? If we must coöperate, let's coöperate with those who are fighting for the same thing in their own countries and not with their governments who are fighting them.

New York City EUGENE FOSTER

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Arms for Europe?

SIR: Lord Winterton announces in the British House of Commons that the government is going into the question of having Royal Air Force machines made in the United States and Canada. Examiners from Woolwich Arsenal, a government institution, are in the United States examining armaments now being made in American factories for the British government.

I am against war. I refuse to believe fascism can be defeated through a war in which an imperialist government like the British leads the forces of an alleged democracy against fascism. A popular front of the workers of Britain, France, Germany and Italy, backed by the might of the USSR, alone can defeat fascism.

At the same time, while fully appreciating the work of the anti-war movements of America, I cannot appreciate the situation in which America washes her hands of the European situation and at the same time prepares the weapons with which Europe will fight. Where is the consistency? I find no word of protest in the editorials of The New Republic.

If America supplies armaments for Europe she will become involved in any war that follows. When she finds Britain indebted to her for billions of dollars she will find an economic reason for intervening in the war. Has The New Republic forgotten what took place in 1914-15-16?

Isolate yourselves from the plague-ridden areas of Europe, if you must, but why send Europe germs?

London, Eng. JACK CARNEY

A Letter of Silence

SIR: There are several inaccuracies in Mr. Wilson's review of "Tropic of Cancer," which appeared in the March 9 issue of your magazine.

First of all, I should like it to be known that the book has been reviewed before, by Professor Herbert West. It has been mentioned numerous times in a sensational manner by so-called reputable magazines in America. As for the character whom Mr. Wilson refers to as Van Norden, let me say that it was Fillmore in the book. The theme of the book, moreover, is not at all what Mr. Wilson describes: the theme is myself, and the narrator, or the hero, as your critic puts it, is also myself. I am not clear whether, in the last paragraph of his review, Mr. Wilson meant to imply that Van Norden (Fillmore) is the genuine American bum, or myself. If he means the narrator, then it is me, because I have painstakingly indicated throughout the book that the hero is myself. I don't use "heroes," incidentally, nor do I write novels. I am the hero, and the book is myself. . . .

Perhaps the worst mistake which the eminent critic makes, in his review, is to say that because a book is bound in paper and published in Paris it has no chance against a book bound in cloth and sold in New York. This is the very contrary of the truth. Without any of the hocus-pocus of the American publicity agents, almost entirely by word-of-mouth recommendation, "Tropic of Cancer" has already gone into several editions at a price which for Europe is prohibitive. It is now being translated into three languages. It may be procured at leading bookstores in practically every important city of the world excepting those of America, England, Germany and Russia. It has been reviewed enthusiastically by some of the foremost critics of Europe. If it has not yet brought me riches, it has at any rate brought me fame and recognition. And, whether it is given notice by American reviewers or not, Americans coming to Europe buy it, as they once bought "Ulysses" and "Lady Chatterley's Lover."

A conspiracy of silence, like censorship, can defeat its own ends. Sometimes it pays *not* to advertise. Sometimes the most effective, realistic thing to do is to be impractical, to fly in the face of the wind. The Obelisk Press took my book on faith, against all commercial wisdom. The results have been gratifying in every way. I should like to add that the Obelisk Press will publish any book of quality which the ordinary commercial publisher refuses, for one reason or another, to handle. Any writer with guts who is unable to get a hearing in America might do well to look to Paris. And damn all the critics anyway! The best publicity for a man who has anything to say is silence.

Paris, France HENRY MILLER

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Alfred Baker Lewis of Cambridge, Massachusetts, suggests that if the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee is being hamstrung merely by the denial of the $60,000 it needs, private contributions ought to supply the money. He himself would give $1,000 and he thinks fifty-nine others, including unions, would do the same. . . . Joseph Pass, editor of The Fight, published in New York City, asks us to clear up a point of doubt in the editorial "Two to Make a Rumor" (May 4). The false story about the meetings, allegedly attended by Communists, supposed to have met to formulate plans for the La Follette committee's investigation of civil liberties did not appear in The Fight as the Silver Shirts, who were responsible for the rumor, had asserted.

Carroll Brown of Chicago resents the criticisms of David Lilienthal in Ernest Morgan's letter (April 13). Speaking as a friend of Mr. Lilienthal for the past twenty years, he says that "he will die still fighting for a better America." . . . L. Casper of Hightstown, New Jersey, was "pained beyond measure" by the letters attacking Bruce Bliven for his "Letter to Stalin" (March 30). Friendship for a country must include the possibility of constructive criticism, he feels, or it is false friendship indeed. . . . Arthur Hersey of Washington writes enthusiastically about Philip La Follette's speech announcing the foundation of the National Progressives of America: "That magnificent and audacious manifesto went a long way to answer doubts of the timeliness of the third-party movement."

The Spanish Child Welfare Association of America announces an exhibition of drawings by children in the schools and refugee colonies of Madrid, Valencia and Alicante to be held in Lord and Taylor's, New York City, between May 16-21.

What's on the Air?

Representative Samuel Dickstein of New York speaks on "This Un-Americanism Marches On," Saturday, May 14, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

Broadcast of the "destruction" of Farmingdale, Long Island, by aerial bombardment during the Army War Games, Monday, May 16, 10:30 P.M., CBS.

Herbert Hoover talks on "Youth and Democracy," Thursday, May 19, 11:05 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins talks, Friday, May 20, 1:30 P.M., Mutual.

Musical programs of the week include Pierre Monteux, guest conductor of the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Saturday May 14, 10 P.M., NBC-Red Network; the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Sunday, May 15, 3 P.M., CBS; the Toronto Promenade Symphony Orchestra, directed by Reginald Stewart, Thursday, May 19, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and the Bamberger Symphony Orchestra, Friday, May 20, 10 P.M., Mutual.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Books in Review

Moscow Trial: 1938

AFTER READING the complete stenographic record of the latest Moscow trial,[1] as translated into English and published by the People's Commissariat of Justice, I was left with a sense of dizziness and revulsion. I had not felt the same way after "The Case of the Anti-Soviet Trotskyite Center," in 1937. But this new trial was not merely a sequel to the other, an outgrowth of the same involved and far-reaching plot against the government. It also dealt with a different type of plotter, engaged in a different type of criminal activity.

Pyatakov, Radek, Serebryakov and their associates, tried and sentenced in January, 1937, were most of them professional revolutionists belonging to the left wing of the Communist Party. They were accused of and confessed to some pretty horrible crimes—wrecking trains, causing fatal explosions in factories and selling military secrets to foreign powers. But some of them, on the witness stand, gave a curious impression of integrity. They were conspirators on the grand scale, not place-seekers or bribe-takers. Caught and exposed, they accepted the consequences of their actions with the same cold logic they had shown in performing them. They wrapped themselves in the shreds and tatters of the pride that had tempted them into rebellion.

Bukharin, Rykov, Yagoda and the eighteen others who were tried in March of this year were men of another stamp. Most of them belonged to the right wing of the Party, which counseled moderation and compromise with the bourgeois world. Their collective revolutionary record was not impressive—three of them, indeed, had started their careers as Tsarist spies. Almost all of them, including the ex-spies, were high Soviet officials, but they were ambitious bureaucrats rather than Bolsheviks. On the witness stand only Bukharin, in his pedantic way, and Rakovsky seemed to be keeping their self-respect; most of the others gave an impression of utter demoralization. Yagoda, the worst of all, snapped and whined like a cornered jackal.

The crimes to which they confessed were mean and repulsive—pouring nails and broken glass into eighty carloads of butter, holding back pay envelopes, spreading corn beetles in the granaries, infecting horses with anthrax or cholera and hogs with erysipelas—all this in the effort to rouse popular discontent. They reached a higher level of ingenuity and hypocrisy when they tried to destroy the collective farms by carrying the official policies to silly extremes. Khodjayev explained their technique when he talked about the cotton program in Uzbekistan. "In order to disrupt these new instructions of the Central Committee and the government, in order not to provide the cotton, we drew up another plan, an inflated one, considerably exaggerated. . . . We began to apply the monoculture theory, that is, the theory of having one predominant crop in agriculture—cotton. To achieve this we would have to smash up the crop rotation, plough up the grass lands . . . eliminate from the irrigated lands not only wheat and barley but a crop like rice, which cannot grow otherwise. This would have meant causing enormous discontent among the people." If any honest worker tried to stop them, he was persecuted and perhaps imprisoned for not following the Party line. Indeed, the testimony of these twenty-one defendants leads us into a world of nightmare where enemies of the state rise to the highest offices, where treason circulates in the diplomatic mail pouches, where spies and wreckers are paid with secret subsidies from the Ministry of Foreign Trade, and protected by the head of the political police, and where physicians murder their patients by prescribing an overdose of the proper remedies.

The ground is never steady beneath your feet; you can never be certain when the defendants are telling the truth and when, for different motives, they are lying. Strangely, it is the most improbable crimes, like the medical murders of Maxim Gorky and his son, that are the best motivated and the most thoroughly substantiated. It is the simplest incidents, like Chernov's story of how he was recruited by the German secret service, that become most doubtful through the unreliability and moral degradation of the witness. And the prosecutor himself does not make your path any easier. He is trying not only to establish the truth but also, beyond that, to blacken the defendants beyond hope of rehabilitation, to show that they were traitors from the beginning, and to make the plot seem better organized and more closely connected with foreign states than it possibly was in reality.

Yet for all the mysteries that it leaves unsolved, this new volume of testimony makes the nature and the results of the trials much clearer. You understand, for example, why so little material evidence was introduced in the courtroom. You understand why the defendants often spoke in general terms, referring to "a number of similar wrecking acts in Bokhara, Samarkand and a number of other places," instead of giving names, dates and concrete details. The point is that the public trials were sequels to long criminal investigations which, in some cases, had lasted for more than a year. During that time the prisoners were examined almost daily; they were confronted with witnesses, accomplices and evidence. Careful records were kept, and each defendant signed every page of the sections dealing with his own activities. The report of the preliminary investigation, bound in several volumes, was secret in the sense that it was not shown to the public or the press. But it formed part of the trial records and was used by the defendants as well as the prosecution.

And the existence of this report casts a new light on the nature of the confessions, about which there has been so much argument. Some of them were really confessions, made by repentant sinners (Levin), or by angry dupes wanting revenge on the leaders who had duped them (Bulanov), or by men in the face of death hoping for a reprieve if they told everything (Khodjayev). But some of them were merely *admissions* forced by persistent questioning

[1] The Case of the Anti-Soviet Bloc of Rights and Trotskyites: A Verbatim Report published by the People's Commissariat of Justice of the USSR. New York: Bookniga. 800 pages. $.75.

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from men still bent on fighting Stalin or shielding their accomplices. And some of them, doubtless, were deliberate fabrications advanced in the hope of discrediting the trials (I should judge that Krestinsky's brief recantation belongs in this category). There were no Tibetan drugs, no subtle Chinese tortures, no actors from the Moscow Art Theatre skillfully made up to play the part of the defendants. There was, on the other hand, an enormous accumulation of evidence. The real question is not why the conspirators pleaded guilty but why they conspired.

On this subject too, the latest trial throws light, though not so much as one could wish. The defendants were granted many liberties in the courtroom, but not the liberty to explain their theoretical positions or to air their grievances against Stalin and his Political Bureau. Their motives and excuses were thrust into the background. The result is that they were portrayed on the basis of their deeds alone, as traitors for the pure love of treason.

Yet by fighting persistently, and by claiming that he merely wanted to show what a great scoundrel he was, Bukharin did manage to put most of his own story on the records. In 1928 he was appalled by the Five Year Plan and pitied the expropriated kulaks. He "began to regard with a shrug of the shoulders, with irony and then with anger at bottom, our huge, gigantically growing factories as monstrous gluttons which consumed everything." He feared that large-scale industrialization and collectivization would lead to the greatest disaster in history. At first, with his allies on the Right, he tried to fight Stalin by legal means, hoping that his own policy would be accepted by the Party. Then, after "the disappearance of avenues for legal work"—note this significant phrase—the Rights decided to continue the struggle secretly, hoping to foment and lead a peasant insurrection. With the end of the food shortage, in 1933, and the success of the collective farms, it became evident that they could no longer depend on mass support. Accordingly they entered a conspiracy of politicians who were trying to overthrow Stalin by any means available, including murder (which Bukharin was willing to admit) and foreign invasion (which he denied).

For the story of that conspiracy, we have to depend on other witnesses. Here are the chief conclusions to be drawn from their testimony, after omitting doubtful points:

First, that all the factions opposed to Stalin were finally united in a rather loose alliance. It included the Trotskyites, the Zinovievites, the Bukharinites and the dissatisfied army officers; it included the expropriated landowners and the national patriots in the smaller republics; it included the surviving Mensheviks and Socialist Revolutionaries; and finally it involved some of the "former people," the Tsarists who had sheltered themselves in the government services.

Second, that the conspirators were still too weak to measure forces with Stalin, and determined to ask the help of nations that might soon be at war with Russia. Connections were made with Germany, Poland and Japan and there were dealings with the British intelligence service.

Third, that the different factions worked along different lines—the Trotskyites chiefly in heavy industries, railroads and the diplomatic service; the Rights chiefly in agriculture, retail trade and relations with the national republics. Tukhachevsky, in the army, had plans of his own, and the other conspirators suspected him of wanting to play Napoleon. The whole conspiracy was protected from discovery by the fact that one of its chief members, Yagoda, was at the head of the political police.

Fourth, that whatever else might be charged by the prosecution or admitted by the defendants, its essential aim was to seize political power.

Fifth, that action was timed for the outbreak of war, which the conspirators were trying to hasten. When war didn't come, they planned last year to seize the Kremlin (with the help of the Kremlin guard) and arrest the leading members of the government. But the plan fell through when Yagoda was arrested in April and Tukhachevsky in May.

Sixth, that this is not likely to be the last of the conspiracies against Stalin. But it is hard to see how another could unite so many factions, or go so long undiscovered.

These, I think, are the chief conclusions to be drawn after reading the published record of the trials in 1937 and 1938. On some points I may prove to be mistaken, but the general outlines are established not only by the trials themselves but also by a great deal of evidence from non-Russian sources. There is, for example, the important testimony of American engineers like John D. Littlepage (in The Saturday Evening Post) and Carroll G. Holmes (in Soviet Russia Today) as regards wrecking in the heavy industries. And there is the flood of rumors from foreign capitals in March and April, 1937, which found their way into The New York Times. At that time the German Foreign Office was expecting that Stalin's government would be replaced by one more friendly to the Nazis. It could count on the support of many high officers in the Red Army. "The Red marshals and generals expressed unstinted admiration for the Reichswehr. . . . They proclaimed that war betwen Germany and Russia would be a crime against common sense." This last quotation is taken from The Times of April 18, less than a month before the Red marshals and generals were arrested. And the arrest, according to a widely accepted rumor, was made on the basis of information supplied by the French intelligence service. In other European countries, the general staffs and the foreign offices are neither sentimental nor Stalinist. Yet for the last year they have been acting on the assumption that the testimony presented at the Moscow trials, though false in some details, was substantially true.

MALCOLM COWLEY

The Bat

By day the bat is cousin to the mouse.
He likes the attic of an aging house.

His fingers make a hat about his head.
His pulse beat is so slow we think him dead.

He loops in lazy figures half the night
Among the trees that face the corner light.

But when he brushes up against a screen,
We are afraid of what our eyes have seen:

For something is amiss or out of place
When mice with wings can wear a human face.

THEODORE ROETHKE

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Phantom of the Operetta

La Vie Parisienne, by Sacheverell Sitwell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 108 pages. $1.65.
Orpheus in Paris: Offenbach and the Paris of His Time, by S. Kracauer. Translated by Gwenda David and Eric Mosbacher. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 395 pages, illustrated. $4.

SUCH GOINGS-ON as there were under the gas-lit tyranny of Louis Napoleon! Demolitions (at fabulously rigged terms of sale) on every side, to make straight the way for Baron Haussmann's radial Boulevards, so admirably designed for the sweeping passage of crinolines—or of grapeshot. What financial manipulations at home by Imperial stepbrother Morny, an Orléanist; what a series of distracting military adventures abroad for the glamor's sake—Crimea, Italy, Mexico—at the behest of the shrewish Empress, a Legitimist, or the pleasure of the phantom Emperor, a republican. Even then, as the ghostly heir of the Corsican French Emperor well knew (none better, for Napoleon III was an astute manipulator of plebiscites), Paris was not France. But meanwhile La Ville Lumière takes its place as the pleasure capital of the world: and the proletariat pours into its suburbs, ringing it round like a besieging army.

In their politic fostering of glamorous distractions the money-men, the free spenders of the Imperial bourgeoisie, called the tune. And there was Jacques Offenbach (*né* Jakob, son of Isaac Erbst, a cantor of Cologne) to harmonize it for them. Herr Kracauer tells us that with one hand Offenbach would jot down the notes of his scores like little fly tracks, while with the other he gestured in repartee to a roomful of chattering company. If a song went flat at rehearsal, he would rewrite it in his head on his way home along the Boulevards. And thus, in a flutter of gregarious excitement, Offenbach created the operetta as we know it, composing more than a hundred works in that genre before, with the finger of death already on him, he wrote his one grand opera, "The Tales of Hoffman"—the posthumous swan song of the Second Empire, so to speak. The last note was set down in the autumn of 1880, a full decade after the shadowy Emperor, with his face painted as if to appear behind footlights, had made his exit at Sedan.

In his Proustian evocation of the times and tempo of "La Vie Parisienne," Mr. Sitwell has turned off a little bravura piece which is truly in the spirit of Offenbach's own satires. As a sort of curtain-raiser, it admirably serves to set the key for a reading of Herr Kracauer's extended and scholarly documenting of Offenbach's relationship to the social forces of his era. One could wish occasionally, as the pageant of spectacular nonentities grows longer and Offenbach, unless dragged in by the ear, is lost sight of, that Herr Kracauer had been a trifle more sparing in his introduction by name, pedigree and attainments, of the coryphées, players of the Bourse, *flâneurs*, bacchantes, Turks, Englishmen and infidels who tend to clutter up these pages. Orpheus would have emerged more definitively from the inferno of his Paris if there were fewer solo-turns among the chorus of the damned.

However, in spite of anecdotal interruptions Herr Kracauer's book has unity and progression. It must be read through from the beginning, as any historically minded person who looks into it will wish to do. Ludovic Halévy, Offenbach's great librettist, is interpreted with deft sympathy; and the translators have rendered the German text so that it reads, as indeed it should, like a translation from the French.

GEORGE LIBAIRE

A Basis for Reform

Introduction to the Theory of Employment, by Joan Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 137 pages. $2.

FOR OVER A CENTURY until 1936, when J. M. Keynes's "General Theory of Interest, Employment and Money" was published, economic thought could be largely identified with what Keynes has called the "Classical Theory." Based on the conditions of the nineteenth century, this theory assumed the existence of full employment and a stable national income. Even before the War, these assumptions were becoming unreal; but post-war conditions of chronic unemployment and severe trade cycles made the Classical Theory obsolete as a method of economic and social analysis. Because the Classical Theory assumed that the conditions of disequilibrium which arose in the world were being automatically set right, and so did not require governmental action, it became a complacent theory without meaning in a world crying for reform.

The need for a new theory and its outline could be seen long before the publication of Keynes's book. But it remained for Keynes, who had himself been brought up in the Classical Theory, to write the new theory in an incomparably brilliant and unanswerable way. Basing his analysis on the assertion that the fluctuations in national income were the main methods for readjustment to changes in the level of savings and investment, he proved by economics that reform was a vital economic necessity as well as a social one. Whereas the Classical Theory could be used to justify the unequal distribution of wealth, since it stressed the productive nature of saving done by wealthy people, Keynes denies that an act of saving is in itself productive and asserts that the inequality of incomes is one of the main causes of the decline of capitalism. Whereas the Classical Theory condemned rigidity of costs, including wages, Keynes condemns wage cuts in times of crisis, since they serve only to deepen the crisis. Instead of teaching the doctrine of harmony of the individual worker and his employer as the Classical Theory did, Keynes believes in powerful trade unions to ensure stable money wages. Instead of advocating the least possible interference by government in economic life, Keynes stresses the need for "an increase in the traditional functions of government" and "a comprehensive socialization of investment" in order to ensure full employment. By logic Keynes proves what Americans learned by necessity when they turned from "economy" to "purchasing power" in the last depression. Thus, if used in the right way, General Theory may be made the economic theory of social reform. The fact that as a theory it must be modified by local characteristics and applied with full knowledge of the forces which determine

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political strategy in no way lessens its very great importance. For no reform movement can sustain itself consistently unless it is based on the coherent analysis of a sound economic theory.

But this in itself is not enough. Unless the theory behind the reform movement is understood by its supporters, the movement may not survive the continual opposition of vested interests; and the theory itself may come to serve precisely the opposite interests from those for whom it was written. How this can happen is seen in the case of the Classical Theory. Every classical economist sympathized with working-class aims and each hoped that his theory might be used to serve them. Yet within a few years, the teachings of each came to be used as weapons against social reform. Why? Because those in power knew how to make use of them, whereas the working class, through its lack of education, never appreciated them. Similarly, Keynes, who analyzes the shortcomings of competitive capitalism and urges the need for increased governmental control, may come to be used for a fascist movement unless the true nature of this theory is understood.

Consequently there is a vital need for the theory to be explained in language that everyone can understand. It is this that makes Mrs. Robinson's simplified version of it so important. She is already the author of one book on the General Theory ("Essays on the Theory of Employment") and of the extremely important book, "The Theory of Imperfect Competition." In her "Introduction to the Theory of Employment" she combines one of the clearest minds of any living economist with mastery of her subject, since, as one of a group of young Cambridge economists, she followed Keynes through all of his ambiguous and difficult journey until the General Theory finally emerged. The fact that within a few years of its emergence such an astonishingly simple and yet complete version of the theory could have appeared is in itself a vindication of the theory's usefulness.

Of course her book contains none of the beauty of Keynes's reasoning or the ultimate conciseness of his formulas and definitions. On the other hand, it embodies extensions of the theory made since the publication of Keynes's book, and chapters such as the one on the rate of interest are in some ways an advance on Keynes's own handling of the subject. It is full of simple and realistic analogies, as it should be, for fundamentally the General Theory is a simple theory. Yet, despite its simplicity, Mrs. Robinson's book provides a satisfactory method of analyzing existing conditions—for, as she shows: "Apart from reductions in efficiency . . . any influence that tends to increase employment can be analyzed into either an increase in investment or a reduction in thriftiness." With these simple weapons, and Keynes's multiplier, an analysis of the effects of unbalanced budgets, wage reductions, inflation, public works and all plans for reducing unemployment can be easily made. If the book has shortcomings, they are largely those of Mrs. Robinson's audience. Unlike the undergraduates of Cambridge, for whom the book was primarily written, the layman no longer needs to be convinced of the existence of unemployment and the unreality of certain classical concepts.

So far, the General Theory has been largely a discussion of the short period only. It contains within it a

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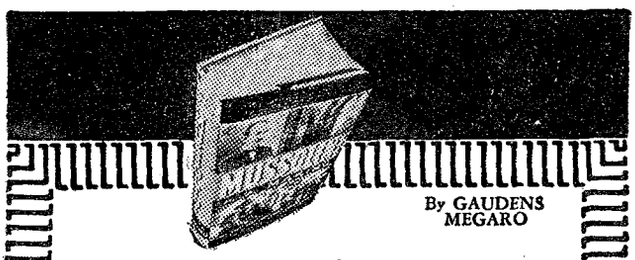

By GAUDENS MEGARO

Mussolini *in the* Making

THIS first uncensored account of Mussolini's early career is based on suppressed material. From the early writings of the future Duce the author, a member of the Harvard faculty, has culled such amazing statements as these:

WE are positively against every form of dictatorship." "The national flag is a rag to be planted on a dung hill." "Down with the state in all its forms and incarnations. Illustrated. ($3.50)

Required reading: CONQUEST OF THE PAST by Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein. The autobiography of a German exile, a leader in the fight against Hitler. ($3.50) HELLO AMERICA! by Cesar Saerchinger. A radio journalist gives his impressions of Europe's statesmen. Illustrated ($3.50)

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theory of distribution and a long-period theory which, when they come to be written, will be of the utmost importance. It contains also the shortcomings inherent in any theory which attempts to read economic order into economic anarchy. For capitalism is filled with so many imponderables and actions based on irrational motives that no reliable prophecies can be made on the basis of economic theory alone. Nevertheless, it is a sound analysis within its own field and it leads to sound conclusions. Moreover, many of the ideas contained within it are embodied in our own administration. The fact that we are now in a deep recession in no way indicates that the theory is invalid or that reform is not vital. Instead it increases the necessity for reform and the need for a better understanding of the General Theory by the few responsible for the administration and the millions who desire to defend it. It is the latter who may make the most use of Mrs. Robinson's book.

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

A Day That Is Dead

Helen's Tower, by Harold Nicolson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 309 pages. $3.50.

THE FIRST MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA was, like so many of the great Victorian ambassadors and statesmen, a complex figure, one to bewilder and finally infuriate the foreign historian who discovers what seems to be monstrous duplicity in a combination of straightforwardness and astuteness, idealism and imperialism. When toward the end of his career Lord Dufferin went to Paris as British Ambassador, the French had some cause for feeling that in him came a sworn enemy of French aspiration. He was the friend of Bismarck; his record, particularly over the matter of the British seizure of Egypt, was to their mind one of almost unexampled perfidy.

Mr. Harold Nicolson, nephew by marriage to the Victorian diplomatist, has chosen this baffling personality as the first in a series of biographies of men he knew, designed to throw light on an epoch, and also, incidentally and very cunningly, to give us in some sort an autobiographical snapshot of himself. In this book he is the *enfant terrible* not too overawed by the magnificence of the ambassadorial entourage to ask his governess whether his uncle is or is not a great man. Miss Plimsoll believed very certainly in the affirmative; the author is not so sure. What he is sure of is the charm, the romantic quality and the tragedy. He has given us a study in the gradations of a career which rose in no steady wave to considerable eminence, but was marked at its outset by the hesitations of diffidence, and which closed in the deep hurt to probity of the Whitaker Wright scandal in which, innocently enough, Lord Dufferin was involved as chairman of the London and Globe Finance Corporation.

A study of Lord Dufferin, even such a personal one as Mr. Nicolson gives, and gives so admirably, cannot fail to be also a study of the flow and ebb of the imperialism of Victorian England. When we think of that great age which carried with it the seeds of its own dissolution, much is reflected in the mirror of this one figure. At Oxford there was Puseyism: "He would fast for long periods, and for long periods he would sunder himself from his own gayety and brood solemnly upon the Thirty-nine Articles." There was the clash between the caste of Irish landlordism and his own earnest liberalism: "Lord Dufferin salved his aching conscience by gestures of wild and romantic generosity to his own tenants . . . he constructed a fantastic folly in the shape of a two-and-a-half-mile avenue connecting the demesne with Helen's Bay, in the hope of relieving unemployment." There was the governor-generalship of Canada where he achieved popularity by (among other things) sailing, skating, sleighing and the rest with ardor. But he maintained his sense of decorum, refusing to be introduced to Brigham Young when he visited the United States and, with Lady Dufferin, leaving a New York theatre because the play showed signs of taking an improper turn. Nor was he bored by India:

> He enjoyed gazing down that long vista of marble columns, while the guns thundered outside, while the vice-regal band played tunes from "Aïda," and while a slow procession of Rajahs advanced in gold and pearls and emeralds to do him homage . . . he enjoyed the endless receptions and the opportunities they afforded of being kind to the most nervous civil servants or the most terrified ladies.

But he was also completely Victorian in his domesticity, and asked the Queen to recall him from these pomps because he desired to see more of his children. He was a good father and a benevolent uncle as he had been an adoring son. It is his filial piety which gives the book its title. Perhaps the most romantic folly ever raised, even by an English nobleman, was the three-storied tower built in the demesne at Clandeboye, County Down, to enshrine the memory of his mother, Helen Selina, the eldest of the three famous Sheridan sisters. The top room is hung with golden tablets "much stained with damp" upon which are recorded poems in praise of Helen, Lady Dufferin, two contributors being Robert Browning and the Poet Laureate, Tennyson.

Mr. Nicolson writes of one who was perhaps the last of the romantic Victorian statesmen in a mood of brilliant epicureanism which yet does not disdain an inflection of Tennysonian regret for "the vanished grace of a day that is dead."

NORAH HOULT

Sod Cabins

Free Land, by Rose Wilder Lane. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

UNTIL 1862 the United States offered political freedom to settlers and sold the public land to rich speculators. But after the fertile Middle West was settled and only wind-scoured prairie sod remained, the Homestead Act was passed; and for seventy years a tireless caravan of land-hungry men and women pushed into the prairie country. "Free Land" is a novel about two of them—a simple young homesteader and his wife in Dakota Territory.

Today you see drought and hunger in the Dust Bowl, and government spokesmen hint that the Dakotas are no longer fit for settled farming. In reading this vivid story you realize that they really never were. For when David and Mary came out to their claim they found vast snowy

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plains, a devouring cold that their hay fires could not withstand, and blizzards—blizzards that froze the eyeballs, horrible storms in which people were lost and frozen stiff ten feet away from their own shanties. When summer came there were only treeless miles of prairie grass in the baking heat. There was no market for minor crops; wheat was at the mercy of this fierce and changeable climate; after five years a man was deeper in debt than when he came. As the people said, Uncle Sam's gift was merely a bet—a bet that you couldn't make a living on it.

"Free Land" is an exciting story about human beings fighting against huge odds. And since that prairie sod should never have been broken to plant endless wheat fields, it is also an accusing chapter in the history of the ruin of the American land, and the people upon the land.

REBECCA PITTS

New Books: A Reader's List

THE UNITED FRONT, by Georgi Dimitroff (International, $2.50). A collection of the most important pamphlets and papers written since 1934 by the General Secretary of the Communist International. Includes the report to the Seventh World Congress, inaugurating the People's Front; discusses fascist aggressions in China and Spain; and profoundly analyzes the present world crisis from the viewpoint of anti-war and progressive forces

WATCH CZECHOSLOVAKIA, by Richard Freund (Oxford, $1.50). The people, history, leaders and tragic dilemma of the most democratic state in Central Europe. Its territories hopelessly tangled by racial minorities inheriting the hate of centuries, Czechoslovakia finds the real but minor grievances of the Sudeten Germans are the tool of Nazi imperialism. A lucid and valuable account.

MUSSOLINI IN THE MAKING, by Gaudens Megaro (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). A Harvard professor writes a thorough account of Mussolini's career as socialist, labor organizer and anti-imperialist. Based on suppressed material, gathered in Italy at considerable personal risk.

THIS PASSION NEVER DIES, by Sophus Keith Winther (Macmillan, $2.50). Danish immigrant farmers of Nebraska and their American-born children struggling, economically and psychologically, for adjustment to the native scene. The time is the post-war depression. Stilted dialogue and a somewhat opaque narrative manner blunt the edge of the story.

RACHEL'S CHILDREN, by Harriet Hassell (Harpers, $2.50). A powerful tale of the hate and bitterness that Southern families seem to breed so readily; this time misdirected mother-love gives momentum to the tragedy. The intensity mounts in a steady crescendo, leaving the reader and most of the characters quite wilted by the end.

FLAMES COMING OUT OF THE TOP, by Norman Collins (Harpers, $2.50). A brisk and exciting tale of intrigue and occasional romance, set against the background of a South American jungle, a volcano, and the Bolivian-Paraguayan war.

LET ME SHOW YOU NEW HAMPSHIRE, by Ella Shannon Bowles (Knopf, $3.50). Detailed introduction to a state whose scenic attractions are rivaled by the native pride of its inhabitants. Information on New Hampshire's industries, sports, high spots, history, folklore and local talent.

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DENMARK, SWEDEN, NORWAY, under leadership of **Prof. Hartley W. Cross.** Cities and countryside including Norway's fjords and mountains. Study of cooperatives and folk schools. Sailing July 1. Back August 29.

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POLITICS OF CENTRAL EUROPE, under leadership of **Robert Heckert,** just back from a year in Central Europe. A timely first-hand study of the issues in **Germany, Austria, Hungary** and **Czechoslovakia.** Sailing July 7. Back August 27.

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FLATTERY'S FOAL, by Peter Shiraev. Translated by Alfred Fremantle (Knopf, $2.50). A delightful story of horse racing before and after the Revolution. Its sly indirection is unusual in Russian novels, its characters are shrewdly drawn, its pace throughout is as brisk as the trot of its prize colt around the Moscow Hippodrome.

PLAN FOR MARRIAGE, edited by Joseph Kirk Folsom (Harpers, $3). Outgrowth of a course given at Vassar, this sane and valuable book has been prepared by seven outstanding authorities in sociology, medicine, home economics and psychiatry. Deals with problems of sex, emotional maturity, parenthood, practical home-making and the difficulties of the married woman who works.

WOMEN OF THE WILDERNESS, by Margaret Bell (Dutton, $3.50). About the wives and daughters of the Pilgrims, who, so it seems, had a lot to suffer from their husbands and fathers, not to mention the Indians, snowstorms and miscellaneous hardships of the wilderness. The writing is stilted and clubwomanish, but the book is full of homely details that help to humanize the New England of the early colonists.

WIND OVER WISCONSIN, by August Derleth (Scribner's, $2.50). Third volume of the "Sac Prairie Saga." Historical fiction in the most depressing sense of the term: the "broad [showy] canvas," large chunks of Natechoor, stilted sentiments couched in stilted prose. Even the main character, Baron Pierneau, is a stiff, while Black Hawk might well take up his stand in front of a cigar store.

OUR COUNTRY, OUR PEOPLE, AND THEIRS, by M. E. Tracy (Macmillan, $1.75). In four parallel columns, Mr. Tracy presents the natural and social resources of Italy, Germany, Russia and the Unite States, as a means of comparing dictatorship with democracy. The material about the three foreign countries is interesting and fairly presented, but there is too much hoorah about the virtues and perfect climate of our own fair land.

FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE: The Human Organism in the Light of Modern Science, by Renée von Eulenburg-Wiener (Macmillan, $3.50). An admirably organized account of physiological mechanisms and processes, with special reference to biochemical and cellular factors. The author, a trained research specialist in chemistry and medicine, regards life as a form of energy; "death is the final equilibrium of the organism." Not a "popular" book but an important one: more and better illustrations would have helped.

Contributors

JONATHAN MITCHELL, who is well known to readers of The New Republic for his articles on politics and current affairs, lives in Washington, D. C.

EMIL WOLFF is the pseudonym of a European journalist now living in the United States.

LEWIS MUMFORD's latest book, "The Culture of Cities," was recently published by Harcourt, Brace.

STEPHEN SPENDER, the author of "Collected Poems," "Vienna," "The Destructive Element" and other books of poetry and prose, has made several visits to the Spanish front.

ANGNA ENTERS, who prefers to be known as a mime rather than a dancer, is the author of a book, "First Person Plural," published last spring by Stackpole.

THEODORE ROETHKE is a native of Saginaw, Michigan, and was educated at Michigan and Harvard Universities. As a member of the English Department at Pennsylvania State College he gives a course in verse writing.

GEORGE LIBAIRE, who has contributed to many periodicals, is the translator of the Memoirs of General de Caulaincourt.

MICHAEL STRAIGHT, a recent graduate of Cambridge University, is now working as an economist in Washington, D. C.

NORAH HOULT, the Irish novelist, is the author of, among other books, "Poor Women" and "Closing Hour." A new novel, "Coming from the Fair," will be published May 21 by Covici, Friede.

REBECCA PITTS has contributed to numerous periodicals and is at present working on a book of critical studies.

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